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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Tory Prospects

THE Conservatives' win in the West Derby by-election will undoubtedly give the Party leaders some measure of comfort as they begin to assess their chances in the general elections next year. This is largely because recent polls taken in Britain have suggested that Labour would win the next elections by a small but comfortable majority. The optimism in the party will point to the fact that results of the 40 by-elections held since the last general elections have certainly not borne out these predictions. For in all contests the Conservatives have not lost a single seat won or held at the general elections whereas Labour has lost one — that of South Sunderland in May of last year. But detached observers will be more cautious in their conclusions. As a rule by-elections are not an extremely accurate barometer by which to measure public feeling. They may indicate the swing where there is a startling change in the public feeling but where support for the two rival parties remains fairly constant between elections (as in the present case) the slight variations in the voting proportions are generally insignificant and do not allow the observer to draw any firm and reliable conclusions. One factor contributing to the unreliability of the by-election as a barometer is that in the case of the West Derby — as indeed in most by-elections — a considerably smaller proportion of the electorate went to the polls compared with the last general elections. Theoretically a larger poll could have shown a marked difference in the voting — in favour of either party. Labour is said to be disappointed with the result and if so this is understandable for since the last general election there has been an increase in the constituency of 1,362 voters of whom about a thousand were said to be Socialist supporters. Perhaps the most significant fact to emerge from the by-election was that Labour failed to attract sufficient enthusiasm to attract the majority of its supporters to the polls. In fact the percentage of Labour voters fell from 48.39 per cent at the last general elections to 46.85 per cent. Thursday while the proportion of Conservative voters increased by 1.54 per cent over the period. The only possible conclusion to be drawn therefore is that since Labour failed to win the seat from the Conservatives and since a Labour win would definitely have been a pointer to its prospects in the next elections, the Government would have a better than even chance if the elections were held tomorrow, and that if fiction lights continue to divert the Labour Party in the present dangerous way, the outlook for the Tories in the future is not quite so black as the pollsters make out.

Officer Cashiered
Training Methods Not Approved

Augusta, Georgia, Nov. 19. An Army court martial convicted 2nd Lt. Charles C. Anderson today of mistreating his men — one of whom he had strung up by the ankles and sentenced him to dismissal from the service.

It is the second time in modern United States military history that an officer had been convicted of mistreating his troops. The other case was during World War II. Two other such cases since have resulted in acquittals.

Anderson, who contended he was only trying to make soldiers out of boys so they would not have the training shortcomings he observed in Korea, was convicted on 11 counts. Six counts were of mistreating members of his company, four of conduct unbecoming an officer and one of conduct prejudicial to good order. He was acquitted of six other counts. — United Press.

Ali-Rita Deal On Custody Of Child

Paris, Nov. 19. A smiling Ali Khan arrived from New York today by air and announced that his lawyers had reached a compromise on the custody of their daughter Yousa with lawyers representing his former wife, screen star Rita Hayworth.

He did not, however, say what the compromise was, but said that Yousa might stay with him in France for a long period next year.

Alli Khan, son of the Aga Khan, then announced that he had just succeeded in making one of the best deals "in my life" by selling his father's famous horse, Hasana, for \$105,000 — a price never before obtained for a horse. — France-Press.

ONASSIS IN MORE TROUBLE
He Allegedly Used Disappearing Ink

Paris, Nov. 19. A fellow Greek shipowner filed suit today against Aristotele Socrates Onassis seeking more than £200,000 in damages for allegedly refusing to pay a promised commission for obtaining a contract to ship Saudi Arabian and Iraqi oil.

Lawyers for the plaintiff, Spiridon Catapodis, filed his formal complaint against Onassis in a Paris court.

He demanded £200,000 from Onassis.

Judge Andre Jacquinet heard said he received the complaint today. Under French procedure he will select an instructing magistrate to investigate the case and if possible bring it to court.

Jacquinet said that Catapodis told him the following story: A year ago he told Onassis he was in a position to obtain from Saudi Arabia and Iraq rights to transport some of their oil to the Western world.

He said they signed last November 25 a private agreement stating that Onassis would give Catapodis £125,000 on the signature of the contracts with the two Arab countries, that he would give him £75,000 on the first shipment of oil and would

give him 20 per cent on the freight charges in the future.

According to Jacquinet, Catapodis said that on January 20, 1954, he obtained the two contracts in the name of Onassis. He asked Onassis to fulfill his private deal.

"He said he then discovered that Onassis' signature on the contract was invisible as he had used disappearing ink," Jacquinet said.

Catapodis asked him to sign again and he offered to make a new contract because the shipments had already started, Jacquinet said.

But Catapodis told the judge, Onassis went away with the contract and he never received any money. — United Press.

MORE REBUFFS FOR MOSCOW
Mr France Says Security Talks Plan Is Childish
SWEDEN: 'WE'LL WAIT AND SEE'

Washington, Nov. 19. The French Prime Minister, M. Pierre Mendes-France, today rejected the Soviet Union's proposal for a 25-nation European security conference on November 29 as "childish, unrealistic and even dangerous."

Sweden has also made its position clear to Moscow: she will reply "when there is evidence of general acceptance by other states invited."

Western diplomats interpreted this as a polite rebuff to Moscow since only Soviet satellite countries are expected to attend the conference.

M. Mendes-France, addressing a crowded audience in the National Press Club, said: "International conferences must be carefully prepared and it would be childish, unrealistic and even dangerous to expect such a meeting to improvise solutions for difficult problems, which for years and years have not been solved."

Government understood the Soviet invitation to imply the conference would lapse should it fail to gain the general acceptance of the states invited.

"On the evidence that such acceptance is forthcoming the Swedish Government will refer to the matter in transmitting

their definite answer to the Soviet invitation," the note said.

The Swedish Government said it considered the information given in the Soviet note on the significance of the proposed European security system "incomplete in certain aspects."

The Soviet Government gave no clear indication on how the proposed new security organization would function, it said. It also noted that no particulars had been given in regard to the operation of the proposed system of sanctions against a peace-breaker.

Information on these matters would have made it possible for Sweden to form an opinion "as to whether there is a case for active Swedish participation in the discussions of the conference," the Swedish Government said.

What The TV Camera Didn't Show

London, Nov. 19. Barbara Williams' halter strap broke last night while she was dancing on a television programme and the TV camera tactfully switched to her and her partner's feet.

Though Miss Williams, 20, did not know the cameraman had saved the day she kept on dancing but "it was a terrible, empty dreadful moment."

"I tried to cover up my very plunged neckline as best I could but all the time I was praying the floor would open up and swallow me," she said.

After the dance she dashed off to the wardrobe mistress for repairs.

British televisioners saw nothing, but they heard the titters of laughter of the TV crew.

The programme commentator, Miss Patti Morgan, said, "Fortunately, the frock was banded and I don't think there were any dreadful revelations."

— United Press.

FINNISH REPLY HAILED

Washington, Nov. 19. Finland's reported decision to attend the Soviet proposed European security conference only if all other invited European countries take part was welcomed by the United States and allied diplomatic circles today.

As all the members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization are expected to reject the Soviet request for a conference at such short notice, Finland's reply was interpreted as meaning that Finland will not attend.

It came as a relief to United States diplomats as there had been some concern at the understandable sensitivity of Finland to diplomatic pressure from its powerful neighbor.

It is now confidently expected here that similar negative replies will be sent to Moscow by the other "so-called" neutral countries of Western Europe.

If the Soviets had any hope of dividing the non-Communist world by convening such a conference, it is becoming clear that they have not succeeded.

If the Soviet Government goes ahead with the conference, it will now amount to a meeting of the Soviet bloc countries of Central and Eastern Europe.

Any security system emerging from such a meeting would in reality be a sort of Eastern European "NATO." — Reuter.

Retired Colonel On Indecency Charge

London, Nov. 19. A retired army Colonel named Julius Caesar was sentenced to 12 months imprisonment by a Salop, Shropshire, court today for gross indecency with young military personnel.

Caesar had been accused of indecent attack on two young conscripts on five occasions and had been automatically sentenced to five one-year terms in prison, but the court later decided to let the terms run concurrently. — France-Press.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"	By "The Turf"
RACE 1	RACE 1
Acroplane	Easy-going
Easy-going	Evergreen
Amber	Acroplane
Outsider:—Desert Gold.	Outsider:—Amber.
RACE 2	RACE 2
Strathpeffer	Tune-phone
Festival View	Rider's Wish
Matador	Festival View
Outsider:—Tune-phone.	Outsider:—Many Returns.
RACE 3	RACE 3
Hung Muncie	King A
King A	Another Victory
Oceanic Sky	Barometer
Outsider:—Another Victory.	Outsider:—Hung Muncie.
RACE 4	RACE 4
Firefly	Firefly
Fire-glo	Ben Lomond
Babale	Outsider:—Straight Forward.
Outsider:—Joiner.	RACE 5
RACE 5	RACE 5
Good Girl	Quizette
Orange Beauty	Good Girl
Dilly	Dilly
Outsider:—Thousand Miles.	Outsider:—Jungle Queen.
RACE 6	RACE 6
Giddup	Mineola
Blue Bird	Possibility II
Mineola	Blue Bird
Outsider:—Pay Day.	Outsider:—Giddup.
RACE 7	RACE 7
Senorita	King Rider
Advancement	Advancement
Ringhale	Kerrera
Outsider:—Kerrera.	Outsider:—Senorita.
RACE 8	RACE 8
Every Day	Air Power
Bright Bay	Same Again
Air Power	Corvette
Outsider:—High Speed.	Outsider:—High Speed.

Sir Anthony Eden Tells Britain

Far East Situation Very Difficult And Dangerous

London, Nov. 19. The British Foreign Secretary, Sir Anthony Eden, said tonight the real danger in the Far East was the possibility of an internal Communist revolt in some countries rather than invasion of Formosa by Communist China. The situation was very difficult and dangerous, he said.

Speaking on television in a "Meet the Press" programme, Sir Anthony did not name the countries. He said, however, that the Colombo Plan to raise the standard of living in that area was designed to combat such revolts.

INVASION OR REVOLT?
Sir Anthony was asked whether he thought the real danger in the Far East was Chinese soldiers crossing Formosa or revolt because of the low living standard in Far Eastern countries.

He replied: "The second is it, I think, but the Colombo Plan is dealing with that. . . . It was set up to do just that."

Asked whether he thought China was intent on expanding beyond her boundaries or had enough to occupy her at home for a long time, Sir Anthony said it depended on what happened in Indo-China in the next few months.

'RATHER UNEVEN'
Commenting on the Geneva Pact, he said, "I think it has been rather uneven. In Cambodia it has been good. In Vietnam it has not been so good."

Sir Anthony said that the situation in Europe had much improved following the London and Paris agreements but, the situation in the Far East was

India Tells Chinese Editor To Leave

Calcutta, Nov. 19. The Indian Government today ordered the editor of a pro-Nationalist Chinese daily to leave India before the end of this month.

The editor, Dr G. S. Liu, received deportation order following the publication in his newspaper, the Chinese Journal of India, of a meeting held on October 7 by the pro-Nationalist elements among Calcutta's 10,000 Chinese. The meeting strongly condemned the present Communist Chinese government. — France-Press.

Saturday Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:
P. 5: Felix Barker tells another World's Strangest Story—How did the daughter of Karl Marx die? Gile.
P. 6: Part two of "Fabulous Lady"—Nancy Spain's story of Gertrude Lawrence—New York falls to Gertrude. Peter Northend investigates why writers hide their real identity in "Behind the Pen Names".
P. 7: Tania (a little girl aged eight) joins the big-name artists—see her picture and her amazing painting which cause a big stir in the British art world. Stephen Barber visits Pakistan and reports "They turn to the Brown British when in trouble." William Hickey and the puppets.
P. 8: The concluding chapter of Spencer Chapman's story of a family jaunt in the jungle: And The Family Came Too.
P. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter writes on Sir Winston Churchill's 80th birthday. Les Armour.

'Atoms For Peace' Agency

India Asks For Small Power Representation

New York, Nov. 21. The major Western powers stand united today against an Indian-led "small-power" "rebellion" to force representation for under-developed countries on the international agency proposed to govern President Eisenhower's "atoms for peace" plan.

The Indian delegates, Mr V.K. Krishna Menon, late yesterday introduced an amendment to a Western-backed United Nations resolution which would open membership in the international atomic energy agency "to member states able and willing to participate."

The United States representative, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., promptly rejected the Indian proposal before the General Assembly's Main Political Committee. The Indian amendment, he said, could lead to an unwieldy agency of 60 or more members.

The British Minister of State, Anthony Nutting, supported Mr. Lodge.

The Menon-led "revolt" drew support from Latin America. Signor Jose Vicente Trujillo, Ecuador said his country would welcome membership in the agency for some South American countries "like Mexico, Argentina, Brazil or Chile." But he did not propose a formal amendment to the Western measures.

An unexpected last-minute flood of oratory from a dozen delegates killed Western hopes of getting a final—and perhaps unanimous—vote on the resolution yesterday and prospects were that the debate would continue on Monday.—United Press.

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OPENING TO-DAY
ON PANORAMIC WIDE SCREEN.

ALSO: LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS

KING'S

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.

Tyrone POWER • Maureen O'Hara in

"THE BLACK SWAN"

in Technicolor

AT REDUCED PRICES: \$1.00 & \$1.50

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M-G-M's Technicolor Productions

CAPITOL

LIBERTY

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Esther WILLIAMS

"LATIN LOVERS"

"EASY TO LOVE"

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MORNING SHOW

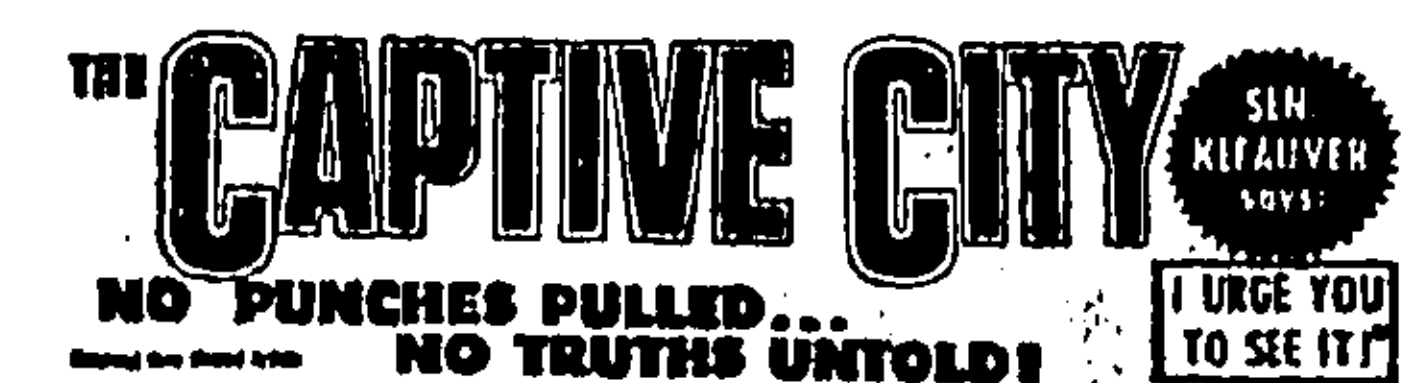
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20th Century-Fox Presents

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"THE CAPTIVE CITY" starring JOHN FORSYTHE and JOAN CAMDEN. Directed by ROBERT NISSE. Photographed with the Super Lens - The Corporation for Science and Industry. Has been awarded the United Film Foundation for World Peace - All Rights Reserved - United Artists.

TO-DAY ONLY MAJESTIC

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



To-morrow! "FIGHTER ATTACK"

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

Marilyn MONROE • Jane RUSSELL in

"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"

At Reduced Prices!

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

Beginning at the far edge of town and moving inwards this week, there's "The Adventures of Hajji Baba" at the ROXY and BROADWAY. This will probably run for quite some time and its successor has not yet been named. Doing a little leap-frogging I can tell you that scheduled for December at these two cinemas is "A Woman's World".

The HOOVER is bringing back Frank Borzage's "I've Always Loved You" and "The Yellow Balloon" — a British picture — will follow it. Starting on the 24th will be "Burning Arrow".

"Valley of the Kings" still seems to be doing good business at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY and when it finally comes off, probably on the 24th, "Her Twelve Men" will be shown next. Taking a look at December's pictures, the first one (following "Her Twelve Men") will be Lana Turner's "The Flame and the Flesh".

Spike Jones' brand of craziness has taken over at the LEE and the GREAT WORLD with "Fireman Save My Child" and in direct contrast, "The Captive City" will follow. Preceded by a Chinese picture and one not yet selected, these two cinemas will be showing "The Far Country".

"Alaska Seas" will be the next change at the EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS, then the latter two will take "Tale of Five Women" with, after that, "Tanganika". During the last week-end of the month you'll be able to see "Himawatha" at the EMPIRE.

"Human Desire" is the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA picture and there's a possibility that they'll be bringing back "Seven Deadly Sins" for the discriminating picturegoer who appreciates subtlety. Danny Kaye's "The Inspector General" will be starting at the end of next week.

"The Adventures of Hajji Baba" takes you on a long, long trail of sheikhs, pseudo sheikhs, gum-chewing, harem girls (poor harem girls don't actually chew gum in front of the camera, but I felt that most of them must have parked it just out of sight behind the nearest convenient chair) some wild, wild women and a bad tempered prince. And if you think that this cast sounds like something straight from a modern child's story book, you're absolutely right. The colours and costumes are magnificent, the scenery roughly Persian and the acting just what you'd expect.

This newish film, Elaine Stewart, has a very lovely face and seemed to be trying to treat her dialogue with more respect than the rest of the cast—which could, I suppose, be a reflection on her intelligence. The escaped harem women who line the hills of Persia lying in wait for unsuspecting travellers look and behave like predatory chorus girls. I laughed myself silly at "The Adventures of Hajji Baba" and enjoyed every minute.

AGELESS APPEAL

"I've Always Loved You" is not by any means a new film, but it will be possible to show it again and again over the years because of the agelessness of its subject.

There have been quantities of pictures made in which music has been the theme, but most of them have either subordinated it to the characters, or allowed the players to be so dominated by the music that a dull film has resulted.

Frank Borzage, however, has managed to blend story and music so subtly that it cannot be said that either steals from the other.

There are no contrived situations requiring the pianist to play against improbable backgrounds. When Philip Dorn or Catherine MacLeod plays, it is because the mood of the picture requires it.

He is a flamboyant egotistical pianist and composer, albeit an attractive man. She begins as a talented student, is trained by "the master" to concert standard and leaves him to marry a very ordinary man to whom music is no more than a pleasant noise. This is the barest outline of the story, as the picture is very long and brings in several character actors to add interest.

Felix Bresson is his usual lovely lady, and the student's father, and the composer's mother. The picture is very long and brings in several character actors to add interest.



Elaine Stewart and some of her handmaids in "The Adventures of Hajji Baba".

Catherine MacLeod's husband, William Carter, for whom a brilliant future was predicted when "I've Always Loved You" first came out, I can't remember having heard of him since. Vanessa Brown plays the rather amusing daughter.

But even so, the pianist behind the scenes and to hear his music alone it's worth going to see the picture. I feel that Catherine MacLeod made the wrong choice in marrying her country boy, but that's merely a matter of personal opinion—it doesn't detract from the appeal of the film in general.

"The Yellow Balloon" is a film about children, but it is not one suitable for visiting with the family. It concerns a small boy who is deliberately frightened and browbeaten by an older man into helping him commit crimes.

Andrew Ray is the small boy in question—you may remember having seen him in "The Mudlark" and there are some other well known names in the cast. There's Kenneth More as the father of the boy and Kathleen Ryan as his wife.

A kindly policeman is played by that excellent character actor, Bernard Lee (he was the sergeant in "The Third Man") and the "silly" himself is William Sylvester.

The spectacle of a small boy being tormented almost into imbecility by an adult isn't my favourite form of entertainment, but if you're not so squeamish there have been some very good reports of this British picture.

Being an ardent fan of Spike Jones I can't help but prejudiced in favour of "Fireman Save My Child". It's pure slapstick comedy of the most basic kind. People lose their trousers, fall off fire engines, get caught in fold-up beds—you know the sort of thing—and laughing and banging away every few minutes is Spike Jones' band.

This is something to go to if you feel miserable, if you feel slap-happy or if you feel you should take the children off your wife's hands for an hour or so. Enormous fun for everyone.

GRIPPING

Don't be frightened of going to see "The Captive City" because you may have heard that it's a picture with a "message" and that America's Congressional crime investigator, Senator Kefauver, endorses it and appears in it briefly.

You'll find it doesn't preach or moralise, it sensibly leaving this to the crusading senator, who speaks a few anti-crime words in the epilogue. This is a gripping sensitive picture with little or no love interest (affection between husband and wife in a picture isn't supposed to constitute "love interest") but plenty of action, movement and suspense.

Kennington, at first glance, is a normal, quiet small town in America. It has a bank, a newspaper of its own and a country club which is pervaded by a pleasant village hall atmosphere. It's a place where everybody knows everybody else's business or thinks he does.

The young editor's complacent satisfaction with the town begins to crack a little when a portly private investigator starts pestering him with stories of an underground crime syndicate operating right under the noses of the decent citizens, even involving some of the most respected members of the community.

Sceptical at first, he very quickly realises that the informant questions he puts to the Chief of Police are connected with the mysterious car that mysteriously follows him about Kennington.

When the private detective is murdered, it's particularly

the attractive French singer Dany Dauberson is seen and a delightful episode with Geoffrey Sumner as a typical wartime RAF officer.

As this picture will probably make a very fleeting appearance, may I suggest you go to see it as soon as it's announced.

JEALOUSY
Glen Ford, Broderick Crawford and Gloria Grahame star in "Human Desire", the title of which could have been better chosen. It's an unsavoury one and in any case doesn't represent the motivating feeling behind the picture, which is jealousy, not desire.

However, it was chosen by Emilie Zola for the original story on which this picture is based and I can only suppose that the film story must have been considerably changed and the focus shifted while the title has been retained.

Once this is accepted, it can be said that it's a good picture. Glenn Ford returns from an absence of three years in Korea to his job of railway engineer, finding quite a few changes the chief of which is that one of his co-workers, a lumbering, slightly taciturn man, has married an attractive woman much younger than himself.

After a long lead-in demonstrating the pleasant camaraderie existing between Glenn Ford and his companion on the footplate, Edgar Buchanan, Broderick Crawford is introduced into the picture and attention is focused on Gloria Grahame rather effectively before we actually see her, by the surprise registered by Glenn Ford when Crawford mentions his wife. It's an old trick, but my less effective for all that.

From there on Crawford shows himself to be not the ordinary fellow he's seemed to be initially, but a jealous bully capable of killing on a mere suspicion. Play is the emotion aroused by Gloria Grahame. The posters try to show her as a deliberate wanton, but this is misrepresentation. Bound to Crawford by an incriminating letter he's tricked her into writing, she is drawn to Glenn Ford first of all by loneliness and fear. Although disillusioned and unhappy with her husband even before he has cold-bloodedly killed the man to whom she sent her to ask a favour, her reluctance to go to this man, knowing the price she would have to pay, is proof of her desire to lead a straight life. Her subsequent actions are the result of panic and despair.

His wife, too, seems to be much more than the understanding little helpmate one expects from the husband-and-wife-against-the-world type of plot. Her name is Joan Camden, and both she and John Forsythe are ably supported by a cast who really seem to know what the film is about for once.

ALL ABOUT SALMON

I haven't been able to see "Alaska Seas", but I notice that it has a "U" certificate, so it can't be too bad.

It's an adventure story of salmon fishing and poaching in the Arctic seas off Alaska. From the press book it looks vaguely like a colder "Beneath the Twelve Mile Reef".

There are two rival organisations engaged in the salmon fishing: one is a co-operative of independent fishermen led by an upstanding young man called Brian Keith and the other is a gang of hoodlums stealing from their fishing traps, under the leadership of Gene Barry. You may remember having seen him in another picture about the chilly north—"Those Redheads From Seattle".

Robert Ryan is the young man who returns from a period in gaol for seal poaching, uncertain of which side he's on. While he hovers between the two factions, his girl friend, Jan Sterling, is equally unable to choose between Ryan and Keith.

Sandwiched between the two interplay of characters you can watch salmon being caught, iced, salted and packed.

AMNESIA CASE
"A Tale of Five Women" could have been the distorted affair that so many of these "Grand Hotel" type plots become. The theme is the effect of one central character on the lives of five different people.

That it remains compact is due to the competent production of Alexander Hall.

Bonar Colleano is an amnesia case whom the authorities are trying to rehabilitate at the end of the last war. The only clues to his past are five banknotes bearing the signatures of five girls from five different countries.

A magazine writer, played by Barbara Brundage, is persuaded the business manager to sponsor Colleano on a tour of Europe in search of the signatures and the key to his past.

Every one of these girls is good: Gina Lollobrigida in Italy, cheeky Anne Vernon in Paris, lovely Eva Bartok in Vienna, our own Lana Morris in England and the sad-eyed German girl, Karin Himbold. Compared with them, Barbara Kelly seems to lack grace.

With so much jammed into one picture, some of the incidental personalities appear very briefly indeed. There's a very short sequence in which

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

IT ISN'T LOVE...IT'S HUMAN DESIRE!



SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S

MARX BROTHERS in

"LOVE HAPPY"

AT REDUCED PRICES

ALHAMBRA

Universal's Technicolor

"AGAINST ALL FLAGS"

Errol Flynn-Maureen O'Hara

Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

Starring John Derek • Elaine Stewart • Thomas Gomez

ADDED ATTRACTION: CinemaScope Short Subject "HIGHLIGHTS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE & COMMONWEALTH GAMES" in Technicolor.

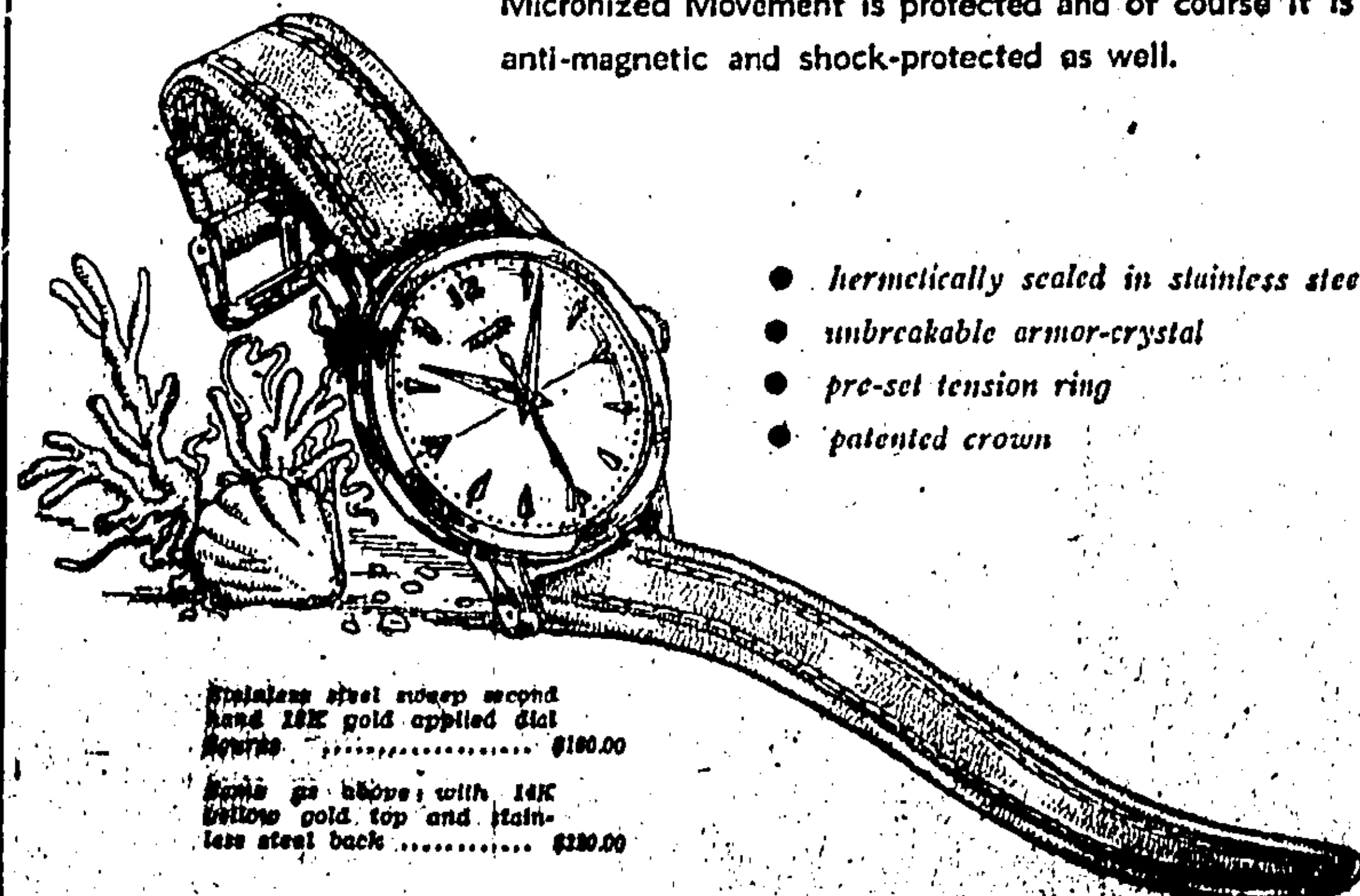
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FOR FULL STORY RECAPS SEE WILSON STREET SHOWS
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FRANCE
SPECIAL MATINEES TO-MORROW AT \$1.50, \$1.00
11.00 a.m. A Variety Programme of
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Calling All Scots! An Appeal To Restore The Highlands

New York.

A Scottish nobleman has come to America on a crusade to return prosperity to Scotland's famed heathered Highlands.

Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, brother of the 14th Duke of Hamilton, Scotland's premier peer, said the vast highland cradle of Scotland's civilization has become an under-developed, under-populated area, largely because of the industrial revolution.

As founder and Chairman of the year-old Highland Fund, Lord Douglas-Hamilton has come to the United States to try to enlist the millions of Scottish-Americans in his fight to raise money to replenish and repopulate the area.

"The Scots worker is very good indeed," said Lord Douglas-Hamilton, a Conservative M.P. He makes a first class worker. He wants something he can work for. Many a Scot would rather work in the Highlands, but there is little there for him to strive for.

Unique Way Of Life

The self-reliance and independence of Scots is worth preserving. It is a unique way of life.

When the industrial revolution started about 200 years ago, he said, Highlanders flocked to factory areas in the Lowlands, in England and finally in the United States and Canada. In recent years, the situation has become so much worse that large sections

of the Highlands are in danger of becoming wastelands, he said.

As members of the outgoing population died or moved away, hundreds of farms were deserted. The once thriving cattle industry had dwindled to a shadow, he said, and farm houses were crumbling.

Those hardy Highlanders who have stayed to work their farm, to fish and to weave for a living have had to struggle to keep body and soul together. Lord Douglas-Hamilton said. The Highland area, larger than Belgium and Holland combined, could support a population of 1,000,000, but fewer than 300,000 people were eking out a living there today.

Long-Term Loans

Lord Douglas-Hamilton hopes Americans of Scottish birth or descent will help him swell the

Highland Fund from its present £5,000 to about £1,000,000 for use as small, long-term loans to rebuild the Highland economy.

"I did not come to the United States for help until the Scots had done something for themselves," Lord Douglas-Hamilton said. "No one wants charity and this is not charity. A good many people lack the money to get started and cannot get bank loans, so we hit on the idea of the loan fund to rehabilitate the Highlands."

"The Highlands is one of the few inhabited places in the world with a shortage of people. The Highlands comprise 18 per cent of the land area of Britain but contain less than one per cent of the population."

Douglas-Hamilton hopes the revolving fund will enable the Scots to build a cattle industry large that Britain will be able to revive her entire economy by halting imports of Argentine beef. The Highlands would have to produce more than 600,000 head of cattle a year to do that, he said.

More Tourists Wanted

He wants to see small industries crop up near the many Highland sources of hydro-electric power. These would include match factories and plants producing plastics, small tools and textiles.

Reforestation projects could bring plants to produce boxes, paper and furniture, he said. Rivers need restocking and farms need cattle, sheep and pigs.

He also wants to increase the Highland tourist business as another major source of revenue.

To these ends, the Highland Fund has made modest beginnings by helping to finance guest rooms in farm houses and country tea rooms. A farmer borrowed enough money to buy two cows, 40 ewes and half a ton of hay.

Another got a new start with only enough money for a cow and one day-old chick. "I was all he wanted," he said. "He could make out all right from there."—United Press.

Ice Show In The Middle East

Belrut. The Middle East's first ice show closed last week after ten days of packed houses and set off for Christmas season appearances in Cairo and Alexandria—where ice skating is an even more novel form of sport and entertainment.

The show with its portable rink and 100 performers is American-produced and European staffed, with 80 per cent of the skaters from Germany. The rest are from Sweden, Britain, France, Switzerland, Denmark and China. They have already performed in North and South America, Europe and the Far East.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I don't see why you got so excited about a \$2 overdraft! Can't you use some of that \$7,000,000 surplus you advertised?"

That Superior Being Called Woman

London, Nov. 17.

Sir Adolphe Abrahams, who set out to discover scientifically if woman is man's equal, came up today with the answer: She is—and more!

Sir Adolphe, 71-year-old president of the British Association of Medicine and Sport and honorary adviser to the British Olympic teams since 1912, has this bad news for the male sex.

"Woman's biological superiority is unquestioned. Despite certain handicaps her life expectancy exceeds man's."

"She is less susceptible to malignant growths. In women, the incidence of certain other diseases and disabilities is remarkably lower."

"Her moral courage is, in general, superior. And if the comparison is pertinent in this connection, as a criminal she is capable of conspicuous superiority."

Delirium Rare

"The most passionate women are more oversexed and the most undersexed are more frigid than the extremes in men."

The most chaste of wives may also be the most sensual. Sir Adolphe continued, with the clear implication that when a man is sensual he is not likely to be chaste. But, he adds consolingly, that Nature didn't really intend man to be faithful to one woman, anyway.

Women rarely get delirium tremens, while males "predominate as deaf mutes, idiots and cranks." Nearly all malformations except cleft palates are commoner in men, who also have 20 times more colour blindness than women.

Kind Words For Males

Sir Adolphe, who has put all this into a book, "Woman: Man's Equal" has a few kind words for his own sex—very few.

He says there has never been a woman genius in music, literature, or art and even those women who have been "truly famous for conspicuous mental ability reveal some of the anatomical characteristics of the male."

He names George Eliot, Rosa Bonheur, Madame Blavatsky, Madame de Staël, George Sand, as "sexually intermediate" types.

Woman has only 67 per cent of the muscular power of a man and her centre of gravity is too low for sports requiring agility. But her endurance is phenomenal in such things as Channel swimming, he said.

After all this it is no wonder that, according to Sir Adolphe, four or five times as many men as women commit suicide.—United Press.

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in Technicolor
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by World's Greatest
Pianist
ARTUR RUBINSTEIN
STARTING TO-MORROW

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will have you wide eyed
with amazement
The Yellow Balloon
COMING
ANDREW HAY as FRANK
KATHLEEN HAY as FRANK'S
WILLIAM STYVENSON

ORIENTAL
SHOWING TO-DAY
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9.30 P.M.
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Special Morning Show To-morrow At 12.30 P.M.
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OMEGA



Omega's claim: For 10 years Official Olympic Timekeepers, Omega sold 100,000 watches in 1952.



THE QUEEN, with Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh, attended the Royal Variety Performance at the Palladium, London. Above: Her Majesty's arrival at the theatre. She wears a gown of white slipper satin and blue tulle, and an ermine wrap. (Express)



LEFT: Brigadier Dame Helen S. Ghesprie, Matron-in-Chief and Director of the Army Nursing Service, laying a wreath at the foot of the statue of Florence Nightingale in Waterloo Place, London, on the centenary of Miss Nightingale's arrival at Scutari during the Crimean War. (Army News)

LEFT, below: Thirty-year-old Michael Flanders, who spends his life in a wheelchair, is one of the team of unseen commentators on British television newsreels. Flanders contracted infantile paralysis during war service and lost the use of his legs. (Express)



DR Reginald Bennett, Tory MP for Gosport, exercising his four-month old Siamese kitten, Willow, in a public park. The park-keeper at first objected, but Dr Bennett wrote to the Minister of Works, who has given consent. (Express)

LEFT: Autumn comes to Hyde Park, and this elderly gardener pauses to light a comforting pipe before tackling the formidable task of clearing the fallen leaves. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



MEMBERS of the Japanese ballet which has been performing in London. It is the first seen in England for 15 years. (Express)



PRINCESS MARGARET saw Christian Dior's winter collection at a charity fashion show at Blenheim Palace, the Oxfordshire home of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. A model curtsies as the Princess passes. (Express)



IRVING BERLIN, 66-year-old American writer of hit songs, on his arrival in London from New York. Asked if he was a millionaire, he said: "I can't tell you things like that. But I want to emphasise that commercialism has nothing to do with song-writing. Everyone must make money to live, but I do not just write songs for the money — that just comes." (Express)



THREE Italian actresses visiting London shelter from the rain on leaving their hotel. Beneath a large umbrella are (left to right) Gianna Maria Canale, Irene Genna and Marissa Belli. They stayed on in England for a protracted visit after the recent Italian film festival. — Express Photo.



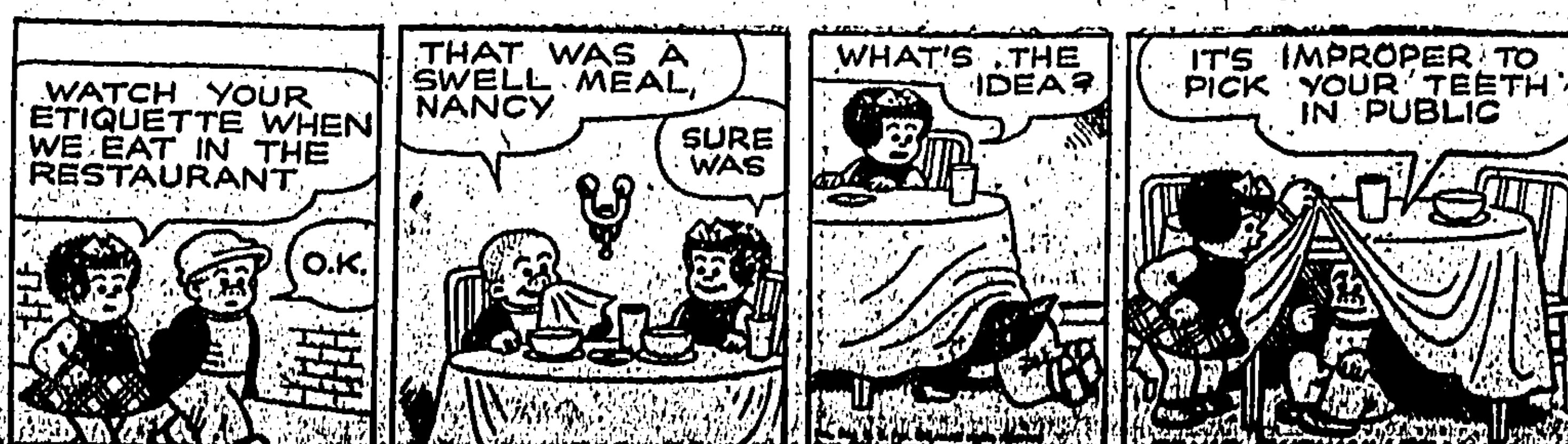
THE new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman H. W. Seymour Howard, acknowledges the salutes of the crowds from his brightly-gilded state chariot during the traditional Lord Mayor's Show, which this year was enlivened by colourful Colonial floats. (Army News)



THIS is Grannie Eileen Bartlett. At 34 she may be Britain's youngest grandmother. Her 17-year-old daughter, Rachel, has just given birth to her first child, a daughter, Dawn. Mrs Bartlett herself married at 17. Her home is in Milford-on-Sea, Hants (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



DAIRY BOON
CHOCOLATES



"British Air Ministry? You know those three girl diplomats you sent to encourage G.I.s to like Britain? Well, they've married three G.I.s and gone to live in the States."

London Express Service

TRAGEDY IN SYDENHAM

How Did Karl Marx's Daughter Die?

FOR a number of years now I have been in pursuit of a woman.

It is a strange, intermittent chase because for months on end she disappears from my mind and the romance seems dead. Then suddenly I hear once again the name Eleanor echoing faintly but persistently from the past.

Fascinated I follow slowly, learning more and more about the career of this remarkable woman. But because only brief glimpses of her are possible for many years of her life I see her generally as if in a series of faded yellow photographs from an old album.

The first is for the year 1860. There she is in a crowded, book-lined room of a house in Dean Street, Soho—a pale, weak child of four so delicate that from birth she has been kept solely on a diet of milk.

I turn on the pages. Ten years have passed and Eleanor is now a plump little person with long ringlets and high button boots walking hand in hand with her bearded father and with her older brothers and sisters from Hampstead to Sadler's Wells. The Marx family are on an outing to see Phelps in Shakespear.

Then comes a big jump to the spring of 1863. She is a woman of 27 working like her father, Karl Marx, for hour after hour in the reading room of the British Museum.

Most Vivid

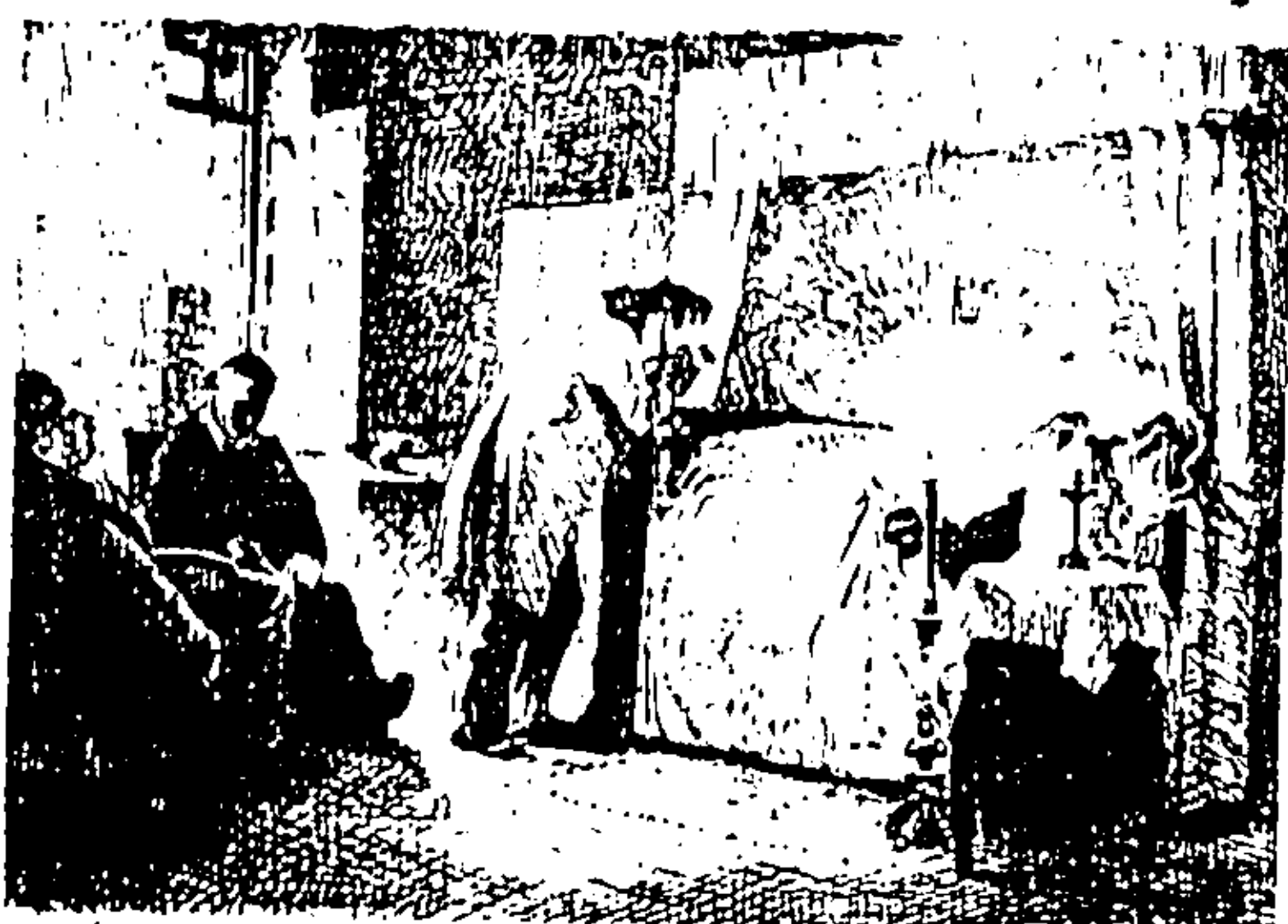
For the first time I can see my heroine clearly thanks to a description by Beatrice Webb who met Eleanor at the museum and described her as "comely dressed in a slovenly picturesque way with curly brown hair flying in all directions. Fine eyes full of life and sympathy; complexion showed signs of an unwholesome excited life."

Four years later—1867. The background in this picture is most vivid for it was in that year that Eleanor came to live in Chancery Lane and, by a curious coincidence, occupied a flat next to the one which is now mine and which I see every time I look out of my own sitting-room window.

By now Eleanor is quite famous as a writer and speaker on Socialism, and at No. 69 New Stone Buildings she entertains such famous early Fabians as Shaw, William Morris and Engels. In a corner of this picture is a figure of whom we are to see much more—the mysterious, rather sinister Edward Aveling with whom she is living.

Quickly flicking on through the pages of this imaginary album I see: Eleanor talking to the dockers from a political platform in Limehouse; Eleanor teaching Will Thorne, the future M.P. for West Ham, to read and write; Eleanor being discomfited by a stink-bomb when trying to spread the gospel of Socialism to undergraduates at Oxford; Eleanor and Bernard Shaw, sitting together taking part in the first meeting in England of "The Wild Duck."

But the photograph of the last page of the album brings me up short. For the picture that



Did this scene determine Eleanor Marx's death? It is an illustration which appeared in the edition of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," which Eleanor translated in 1886. The remarkable parallel with her own death twelve years later perhaps exonerates the sinister Dr Aveling from suspicion of her murder.

burns into my brain is not of the writer, the bold feminist and political pioneer, as she was during her life: this is Eleanor tragic in death.

The scene is an upstairs room in a small house at Sydenham. A figure dressed in white lies motionless in death. A bottle of prussic acid is empty by her side and on the table is a note: "I will be at home."

"This, then, in fleeting vignettes, is the story of Eleanor

FELIX BARKER

tells another of the World's Strangest Stories

Marx, whose strange life and even stranger death has fascinated me for so long.

To fill in the portrait a little I must add that Eleanor was the last of Karl Marx's six children. At the time of her birth in 1859 her father, an exile in London from his native Prussia, was extremely poor and devoting all his time to "research on his mammoth work, "Das Kapital."

As a girl Eleanor loved Shakespeare and at one time contemplated a career on the stage until, I believe, she was dissuaded by Ellen Terry. Writing was the obvious choice for a member of the Marx family and she translated three of her father's books as well as Fabian's "Lady from the Sea."

Altogether her name is on the title page of eleven books. Karl Marx was a sick man towards the end of his days, and after his wife's death Eleanor nursed him until with his own death in 1883 she was free at last to live her own life.

It seems to have been just about this time that her affair started with Edward Aveling. Aveling, who hangs like an evil genius over Eleanor's life, was a remarkable man. He was the son of a Congregational minister, an atheist (author of "Why I Dare not be a Christian"), a brilliant orator, a doctor of science, a dramatic critic, writer of children's books, an unscrupulous borrower of money.

But, as Aveling's enemies were quick to point out, a number of things threw suspicion on him. It was he who ordered the poison, he who sent a note to the local chemist, saying, "Please give the bearer chloroform and a small quantity of prussic acid for the dog 'B'."

What makes it look all the more black, but did not come out at the time, was that in the previous June Aveling had secretly married a young girl of 22 named Eva Frye. She was, as far as I can gather, the leading lady of an amateur show, "The Railway Guard," which he was producing in London.

Somehow he must have lived a double life between Eva and Eleanor for ten months. If it was when Eleanor learnt the truth we do not know, but Aveling's enemies said that he asked Eleanor to take part in a suicide pact, and then after she had drunk her poison, failed to keep his side of the bargain. They thought the farewell note was a forgery, and that he slipped away to London to provide an alibi.

If this is so he did not live long to enjoy his further relationship because almost exactly four months later he died at Stafford Mansions in Albert Bridge Road, Battersea, of a kidney disease from which he had been suffering for years.

Madame Bovary

FOR a long while I have pondered the possibility of murder or suicide, and only quite recently came across something which may well be significant. My clue was provided by a friend who lent me a copy of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary"—in the English translation which Eleanor had made in 1880—and said: "I think you will be particularly interested in the account of Madame Bovary's death."

So I read this novel which so scandalised France and Victorian England, the story of a woman who, disillusioned after two love affairs, decided to take her life.

Madame Bovary returns home and tells the chemist that she wants poison to kill rats that are keeping her awake.

Madame Bovary then swallows a handful of arsenic, goes to her bedroom, writes a final letter for her husband and lies down full length on her bed.

A long and painful description of her lingering death follows—the drawn lips, the dilated eyes, her poor hands wringing over the sheets with that hideous and soft movement of the dying.

It is twelve pages long that description, and Eleanor work-

* This secret marriage, about which I first heard from Bernard Shaw some years ago, I only read to verify last week at Somerset House. To cover his tracks, and doubtless to keep it a secret from Eleanor and their mutual friends, Aveling married Eva Frye at Chelsea Registry Office in June the year under the assumed name of Alice Nelson.

DEATH IN THE CHANCERY LANE									
Name	Age	Sex	Profession	Place of Birth	Date of Birth	Date of Death	Place of Death	Cause of Death	Notes
Karl Marx	64	M	Writer	Trier, Prussia	1818	1883	London	Heart failure	Married Eleanor
Eleanor Marx	24	F	Writer	London	1859	1881	London	Prussic acid	Married Aveling
Edward Aveling	32	M	Writer	London	1851	1885	London	Kidney disease	Married Frye
Eva Frye	22	F	Actress	London	1863	1885	London	Kidney disease	Married Aveling

Part of a copy of Eleanor Marx's death certificate—leading the suicide verdict.



Eleanor Marx

ing on her translation must have lived through all the final agonies of Flaubert's heroine. It could not have failed to make a lasting, searing impression on her mind.

Finally in the book there is one incident which surely makes the similarity between fact and fiction too close for coincidence. When Madame Bovary is dead her husband insists that she be dressed completely in white.

A phrase from the statement of the coroner's jury came back to me as I read: "The deceased was of morbid disposition," he said.

Did this morbid neurosis, this memory of what she had written 12 years before, influence Eleanor when she, too, her heart broken, had to decide on her future?

Morally Aveling may have been responsible for Eleanor's death, but after reading "Madame Bovary" I am inclined to acquit him from suspicion of actual murder.

A self-winding, waterproof watch that acts as a stop-watch



Thousands of men would like a stop-watch on their wrist. But the average stop-watch is a highly complicated instrument that may not always stand up to hard wear, and may need expensive servicing. It cannot be permanently waterproof—because of its push-buttons; it cannot be self-winding, because its hundred extra parts preclude the addition of a self-winding mechanism.

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HOW IT WORKS

Round the dial of the Turn-O-Graph is a patented rotating bezel, calibrated from zero to sixty, with a clearly visible red

triangle at 15. By turning the bezel so that the triangle is aligned with the second-minute hand, you can quickly read off periods of time elapsed.

Alternatively, the red triangle on the bezel can be pre-set to show when an operation should start, or end, thus reminding you every one of the hundred times a day you look at your watch.

This simple, but remarkable, invention allows you to time anything—from the humble boiled egg to a transatlantic flight. There is no limit to the uses you will find for the Turn-O-Graph.

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FABULOUS LADY ★
★ The Gertrude Lawrence Story

NEW YORK FALLS TO GERTIE

by NANCY SPAIN

SNAP
AT SEA

Gertrude Lawrence
leaves New York to
do Double Role for Gilbert Miller
and marry Bert Taylor ???

And this is what she wrote on
the back of the snapshot

of America? Johnny Green had
written a song for her called
Body and Soul:

"You know I'm yours"

For just the taking?
and had given her one-third of
the royalties. George and Ira
Gershwin were already writing
the score and lyrics of a new
show, "Oh, Kay." Had such
success turned her head? Above
all DID she think of him at all
when, in September, 1924, she
set out with the company to
tour Boston, Chicago, the
Mississippi and Canada?

Rumour

IN Detroit they went over the
Ford works and Gertrude scored
a tremendous personal hit with
the mechanics. "If the gear
boxes are put in upside down
this year," said Eddie Capor,
"we all know whose fault it is
—it's Gertrude's." But rumour
said she left behind her a new
beard: Bertram L. Taylor, Junior.
"Tinker" Taylor to Gertrude and
his friends; a handsome American
millionaire in his thirties,
son of the president of the New
York Stock Exchange and even

more of a catch in his own
country than Philip Astley in
England.

Charlotte's Revue opened in
Boston. Gertrude had a cold in
the head and felt terrible. With
a temperature of 104 she sang,
danced and went tragic until
she reached Toronto. There she
collapsed. She had pneumonia
and pleurisy, topped the danger
list at Wellesley Hospital.

The news flashed round the
world. Flowers, telegrams, fruit,
spectacular offerings from Flo
Ziegfeld of the Follies filled her
room. Little Jessie Matthews
had her chance and moved on
with the company, knocking
them cold in "Limelight Blues."

Bea Lillie hated leaving her
best friend behind. She wired
Philip Astley. "GERTIE DESPERATELY
ILL. KEEPS CALLING FOR YOU STOP
THINK IF HUMANLY
POSSIBLE YOU SHOULD
COME."

Philip did not hesitate. Gertrude
opened her eyes to find him
there among the flowers and
telegrams.

Together they went back to
New York. Together they
holidayed in Italy. In Sicily.
They hired a car in Palermo,
and then, driving through
Girgenti, a minute village com-
pletely off the beaten track, they
were spotted by a friend of
Philip's in the Brigade of
Guards: Stewart Forster. The
secret was a secret no longer.
Now every friend that Gertrude
met asked him if he was going
to marry Gertrude. Philip grin-
ned, said nothing. "She was
the most perfect companion," he
says. "And when she was

How rich!

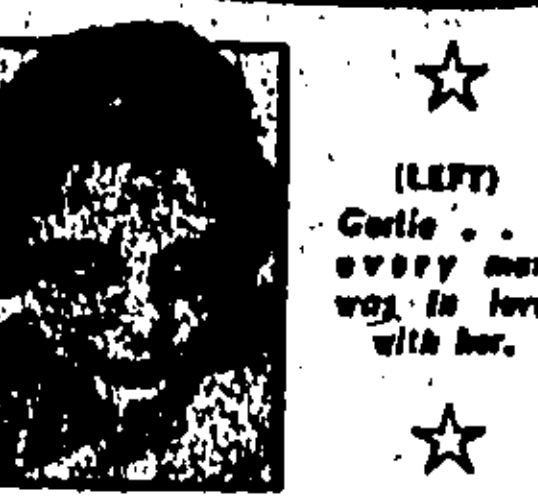
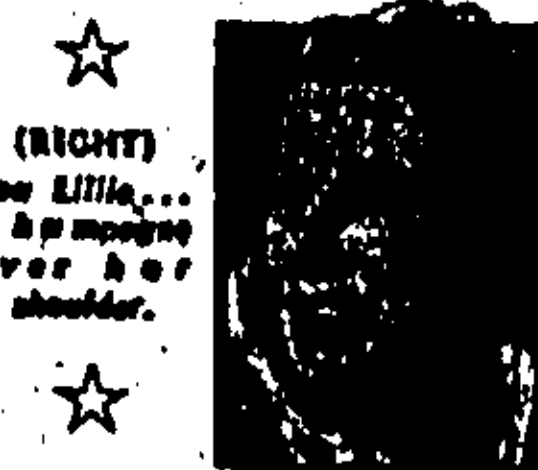
WHILE everyone gasped and
wondered, Gertrude remained
silent. In any case she was not
free. She was married to Frank
Howley.

Italian sunshine had restored
her health and she was able to
rejoin the triumphant Charlotte
Company for the London re-
opening (strangely enough,
Jessie Matthews was now back
in the chorus!) Then the
Charlotte Company went off to
New York again... to New
York and Bert Taylor. And
once again Philip Astley re-
mained behind.

They played New York.
They played Hollywood. And
Bert Taylor was everywhere
with Gertrude. Tall, dark, slightly
plump, he was nevertheless the
epitome of the desirable Ameri-
can male. And oh! how rich he

QUOTE

Lillie and Lawrence
Lawrence and Lillie
If you haven't seen them
You're perfectly silly.
—New York paper



was. And oh! how nice...
But whatever Gertrude decided
to do she must first get a divorce
from Frank Howley.

Gertrude returned to London in
her new show, "Oh, Kay." She
didn't go out so often with
Philip Astley. The Marquis of
Casa Maury was now her usual
escort. And how the tongues
clattered.

Pam was sent to Roedean
School, Brighton, where the
fee and the education are a
long way removed from Gertrude's
old school, the Convent of the
Sacred Heart, Clapham.

In 1927 Gertrude applied for
her divorce. Frank Howley did
not defend the case, and she
obtained a decree nisi. Six
months afterwards she was free
to marry.

She sailed again for America,
this time in her first attempt
as a stage actress with the
late Lillie Howard in a romantic
"costume" play called "Candle-
light." And she wrote on the
back of a photograph taken just
before her ship left Southampton:

"Back to New York to do
"Candlelight" for Gilbert Miller
and marry Bert Taylor!"

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★
Next Saturday:
Gertrude Is Bankrupt

WHY DO AUTHORS HIDE BEHIND PEN-NAMES?

By Peter Northend

THE reasons why a
writer adopts a nom-
de-plume are almost
as many and varied as the
choice of pen-names under
which so many authors have
become well-known.

Perhaps the commonest is the
knowledge that the public likes
to give a man credit for success
in one sphere only, denying him
its favours if he becomes too
versatile.

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson,
quiet Oxford don in the 1860's,
knew this only too well, and
when he set down on paper
"Alice's Adventures in Wonder-
land" he was careful to call
himself Lewis Carroll, and it is
by that name that he became
immortal. The crude mathe-
matician already had a con-
siderable reputation under his
real name, and wisely chose not
to confuse the two.

The story goes that Queen
Victoria, enchanted on her first
reading of "Alice in Wonder-
land," asked for more of the
author's books, and was a little
chagrined when presented with
some learned treatises on
mathematics and the calculus!

Aspiring Poet

This sort of thing is wide-
spread in the world of books.
Canon J.O. Hannay, the quiet
Ulster-born clergyman, was also
George A. Birmingham, writer
of popular thrillers, though the
two reputations rarely clashed.

When Cecil Day Lewis, as an
aspiring poet, gave up school-
mastering early in life, it was
because he had found a
lucrative living as a writer of
clever detective stories as
Nicholas Blake. Now an estab-
lished poet, Lewis still oc-

asionally becomes Blake, much
to the joy of the many Blake
fans.

Similarly the name of N.S.
Norway is a highly respected
one in the world of aircraft
engineering, but the same person
uses his first two names and be-
comes Nevil Shute when he
writes best-selling novels.
Sometimes a writer is dis-
satisfied with his natal name
and writes under something
more euphonious. Thus Cecil
Stokes prefers to call himself
George Beardmore; Dr. O. H.
Mavor became world-famous as
playwright James Bridie; Cap-
tain A.A. Willis decided he
would get along better as a
writer if he were known as
Anthony Armstrong; and Enrie
Hertzog decided to write under
the famous name of Andre
Maurois.

One Or More

It sometimes happens that a
writer may use one or more
pen-names early in his career,
and achieve such success with
one of them that he just has to
continue using it. Thus R. Ray-
mond means nothing to the mil-
lions who read James Hadley
Chase, so Mr Raymond dare not
use any other name now; and
Richard D.V. Llewellyn Lloyd
is Richard Llewellyn, the novel-
list for life.

This last pseudonym shows
the way in which some writers
adapt or modify their real
names for the purposes of
authorship. Ernest Thompson
Selton was really Ernest Seton-
Thompson, and the improve-
ment is obvious. Anthony
Hoppe Hawkins successfully
dropped his surname, and Agnes
M.R. Dunlop would assuredly

not have found the novelist's
success under that name as she
has done as Elizabeth Kyle.

Commander H. Taprell Dor-
ling neatly twisted one of his
names into the nautical nom-
de-plume of Taffrail, and he is
one of many Service writers
who from time to time have
found it prudent to use names
other than their own when
writing books and stories.

Secrets Out

Ian Hay was really Major-
General Sir John Hay Belch;
Bartimeus was born L.A.
Ritchie, and Sapper was a
Major H.C. McNeill. Sinbad
was a good pseudonym for
Captain A.E. Dingle, who also
called himself Captain Dingle
and Brian Cotterell when
writing nautical yarns; while
Army Captain C.W. Mercer
achieved colossal sales as
Dornford Yates.

Not all Service pen-names
are so straightforward, however.
One of the best known is Old
Luk-Ole, behind which hides
the distinguished name of
General Sir Ernest Swinton, and
Elienne is none other than well-
known broadcaster and politi-
cian Commander Stephen King-
Hall.

Another good reason for the
adoption of a pseudonym is to
be found in the modesty of the
writer concerned. It oc-
casionally happens that they
want to experiment with new
kinds of work and as estab-
lished writers prefer it to be
judged—at any rate, at first—
on their own merits.

The First World War poet,
Edward Thomas, published his

early verses under the name of
Edward Eastway, whom no-
body knew, rather than reveal
their authorship as his own.
Children's author David Severn
happens to be the son of Sir
Stanley Unwin, a leading
English publisher, and rather
than steal his father's thunder
he first wrote under that nom-
de-plume, and has since become
one of Britain's leading juvenile
writers.

When he started writing these
touching short stories about the
men of the RAF, published as
"The Greatest People in the
World" and "The Beauty of the
Dead," E.E. Bates, then serving
in the Air Force himself, wrote
under Flying Officer K. But
such secrets soon leak out.

Yet the use of pseudonyms
can scarcely be put down to the
modesty of authors. Even
James Agate, the famous Eng-
lish dramatic critic, whom no
one could call modest, found it
useful to be known on occasion
as Richard Prentiss, while the
youthful Bernard Shaw selected
the shocking pen-name of Rob-
barn Wagh, an anagram on his
name, for a brief spell, and
later, when he wrote music
criticism for a newspaper the
"Star and World," called him-
self the not very famous Corn-
elius Bessie, thus combining the
Englishman's love of foreign-
sounding names where music is
concerned, and a typical bit of
Shavian humour.

Multiple Affairs

Another famous but rarely
suspected pen-name is that of
Jacques Anatole Thibault, who
took the name of his native
country and called himself
Anatole France.

Pen-names are sometimes
multiple affairs. The late Hilary
St George Saunders, best known
as the official author of "The
Battle of Britain," used to
write thrillers with a friend,
John Palmer, and they called
themselves David Pilgrim or
Francis Beeding; while Cato,
the author of political pam-
phlets, was really a trinity,
Frank Owen, Michael Foot and
Peter Howard.

Mrs Long is also Marjorie
Bower, Joseph Shearing and a
good many other names, as
well. This changing of names is
a useful advantage of the nom-
de-plume, too. Edmund Burke
is actually Miss Winifred
Boggs, and Belinda Blundy
is none other than a man, De-
mond Colley. Pen-names may
vary but there is often a
good deal more than meets the
eye.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

ANOTHER REPORT ON MANDRAKE:
"ANOTHER ESCAPE? I
ALREADY ABOUT TO
EXPLODE."

HE ESCAPED BORDER GUARDS—A
ROADBLOCK—NOW A HELICOPTER!
HOW CAN HE ESCAPE MY
ENTIRE ARMY?

THE PALACE IS
SURROUNDED!
HE'LL NEVER
GET THROUGH
TO US.

NEVER GET
THROUGH
YOU TALK
AS IF—

—HE WERE A
ONE-MAN ARMY!
CAPTURED!

IT MIGHT BE
CAPTURED
ARMY, YOUR
HIGHNESS, BUT
WE'LL TRY.

TALK ABOUT
MAGIC!
Have you seen
Admiral
AIR CONDITIONERS
AND REFRIGERATORS

TANIA JOINS THE BIG-NAME ARTISTS



WHEN Tania Hunter, aged 8, of Chelsea, London, painted a picture one afternoon six months ago of a Japanese doll and a Japanese basket, she never dreamt it would put her name among the famous artists. Tania's mother, who is also an artist, entered the picture "just for a joke" for an exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries. Much to the family's surprise, the picture was accepted. Tania (right) and her picture (above) titled "Satisfaction." (Express)



A DOMINION IN TROUBLE TURNS TO THE BROWN BRITISH

By Stephen Barber

"WE" exchanged the white Englishmen for the brown—that's what we've done with our seven years!" Thus, with a shrug, a Pakistani colleague expressed the disillusionment of his kind.

The sycophantic chorus of approval that greeted the high-falooted Karachi coup may have drowned out the grumbling, but not for long.

Miracles were expected of the freedom born in 1947. Instead there was creeping chaos mainly because agitators cannot become statesmen overnight. So at last to all things, have come the brown British.

That in a nutshell is what has happened in Pakistan.

Governor-General Ghulam Muhammad is technically representative of the Queen and by that token above politics. Yet he has acted as autocrat, and his victory in the heyday of the Raj. He is one Dominion's real master today.

'Sallywags'

Prime Minister Mohammed Ali is his creation. His chief hatchet man is the Minister of the Interior, Major-General Iskander Mirza.

Mirza is the brown Englishman to the hilt. Tough, jovial, competent and courageous, he is at 55 what generations of clean-cut, Kipling-like sahibs made him.

In 1920, long before Pakistan was even thought of, he joined the Raj's select Public Service, the first Indian to do so. London he nearly as much his home as Karachi.

Although none could impugn his patriotism, he has one big disability: he thinks politicians are "sallywags." As he sees it they have landed Pakistan in a mess, and no doubt will do so again, each time to be rescued by men like himself, until at last they get the hang of things and do them right, the Whitehall way.

It's All True

Another who abhors politics is General Ayub Khan, who, after he joined the new government, told his English friends, "Commiserate with me, don't congratulate me."

He is Ghulam's War Minister as well as C-in-C.

How did this "state of emergency" happen? The stock official answer today is that feudalism, provincialism and petty corruption had brought Karachi's Constituent Assembly into disrepute. It had "betrayed the confidence of the people."

After seven years it had still failed to produce a workable constitution.

All of which is true. But it is not the whole story. And for



AYUB KHAN
Commiserate with me

that one must take a look at Ghulam Muhammad.

Here is a strange Cromwell indeed. Ghulam at 59 is a very sick man, constantly under medical care. A recent stroke partially paralysed him and resulted in an impediment in his speech. But his mind is razor sharp, still.

A figure to strike fear in lesser folk, Ghulam is a financial wizard. He was once adviser to the world's richest ruler, the Nizam of Hyderabad, who confessed to being afraid of him.

In 1951, after the Karachi assassination of Liaquat Ali

Khan, Ghulam became Governor-General of Pakistan. His predecessor Nazimuddin stepped down into the premier's shoes only to be sacked from that post by Ghulam 18 months later.

Mohammed Ali replaced Nazimuddin in April, 1953. Young (45), popular with Westerners and a success as ambassador to Washington, he was, Ghulam calculated, just the man to wheedle out of the Americans substantial dollar aid funds. And these, after the post-Korean slump and mismanagement of the Nazimuddin Ministry, were sorely needed.

Reckless All

All got the dollars—105,000,000 of them—which is why he is Premier still. All was reckless enough to think he could "fix" Ghulam. He was wrong.

Shortly before flying to the United States in September he took advantage of the Governor-General's convalescent absence to rush through the Assembly a Bill curbing his reserve powers.

Ghulam reacted with a series of moves culminating in the suspension of the Assembly.

By the end of May General Mirza was on the spot, the Bengal Chamber closed and old-fashioned "direct rule" imposed again.

THE CRAFTY, SINISTER—AND GOD-LIKE—MR PUNCH

THERE is a magic about London. I am never quite sure whether it is black magic or not.

When I went to see the Puppet Exhibition in Woburn Place I was troubled with all the old emotions... a child-like pleasure... a grown-up's horror.

There was Eric Bramall, a tall young man with long fingers, manipulating three women crooners... one of them gripped the microphone.

The music came from a loud-speaker. The singers' jaws moved rhythmically up and down. It was a sort of travesty of real life. Sufficiently real to be slightly sinister.

I suppose this world of puppets and marionettes has impressed men and women far more than the theatre. Other-wise, there would not be all those phrases like, "The man is just a puppet." "He is a wire-puller who makes the other dance."

Erlyn Laye opened the exhibition. She looked as wonderful as ever. But she had a little hand-puppet and played with it very cleverly.

She made the little figure shyly hide its head and look between its fingers.

It began to take on a life of its own. And though I tried to make light conversation I felt all the terror that comes over me when I see that ballet "Coppelia" and the dolls come to life.

The exhibition cases were filled with puppets... black girls and harlequins... soldiers and dancers. They

waited there with fixed expressions... waiting for a master to pull the strings and bring them to life.

A sort of life at second remove.

But a dangerous animation, an animation that one is half afraid will begin to breathe of its own accord.

And then I met the Punch and Judy men. There aren't many Punch and Judy shows in the streets of London now. I have seen one in the King's Road, Chelsea. I am told there is one that appears on 'Ealing' street from time to time.

But I suppose a generation is growing up that has never heard of Punch and Judy. They are covered in elaborate draperies.

A strange business Punch and Judy... the men who serve the puppets know it.

"You know," said Percy Press, one of the experts, "there is something god-like about Punch. You see, he is eternal."

I tried hard to recall the Punch and Judy shows I had seen... Punch with his stick murdering his wife... Punch

They do like Punch... when they have a chance to see him.

"How they laugh," said Press, "when Punch hits the policeman over the head! How they laugh when Punch beats his wife!"

"Of course," he continued, "the great trouble with us is to keep from getting to look like Punch."

I looked at him. He seemed to have preserved his own personality.

But a little man near him, Frank Bolden, who is another Punch and Judy man, could pass as Punch any day.

It's this strange business with puppets all over again. The puppets seem to possess some strange power over the person who brings them to life.

"I was giving a Punch and Judy show to Obraztsov, the Russian puppet-master, when he was here," continued Press, "and he was delighted."

Punch... Petrouchka is his name in Russia... was under a cloud after the revolution. But he has come back now as a compeer.

"You see," said Press, "Punch is immortal. In Germany they call him Kasper. In Italy that's where he came from to England... he is Punchinello. Punch is everywhere."

William Hickey

belabouring the forces of law in the form of a policeman... Punch finally in the hands of the hangman... Punch outwitting him and putting the noose round the executioner himself...

"Something god-like about Punch." Well, there may be. Perhaps a Pagan god.

A malevolent, aggressive, cruelly creature this Punch. A jungle-law creature born, I would not be surprised to hear, in some jungle when man was young.

Is that why children like Punch? Are children nearer to the primitive emotions? Do they realize that Punch is the early man's battling through survival?

A reflection of good taste



BORN 1820

STILL GOING

STRONG

Johnnie Walker

FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

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THE QUESTIONS THEY KEEP ASKING US NOW WE ARE BACK....

IT may be a wonderful idea to pack the wife and kids into a small truck and tour Africa... but is it practicable? How do you organise life for three adults and three children on such a journey through the jungles? Here—by a man who did it and enjoyed it—are the answers...

by

F. SPENCER
CHAPMANConcluding—
AND THE
FAMILY
CAME TOO!

“IT is morning time, Mummy?” That was our usual awakening as soon as the bulbuls had started their dawn song. And then our day commenced.

As on board a yacht, everything depended on the efficiency of our daily routine—a place for every-

How did you run your daily life?

And how did that car behave?

Weren't you troubled in Mau Mau country?

thing, and everything in its place.

And so, at about 6 a.m., I would shout to Valerie, whose small tent was pitched alongside—though in lion or Mau Mau country she slept underneath our bed in the van.

Then I would shave and pack up the tent while Valerie dressed the children and Faith cooked breakfast over two pressure stoves.

Sitting round our pale blue table in the van, we would start the day with a good breakfast of sausages or eggs and bacon followed by coffee and toast and marmalade.

Then we would wash up, pack up the van, and be on

the road by 8 a.m.—Faith and Valerie “doing” their faces on the move, and complaining bitterly that I never gave them time to wash or comb their hair.

After 100 miles or so, Faith and I taking it in turn to drive while Valerie rode with the children, we would pull in to the shade of a tree for a half-hour lunch interval.

It was cooler and more comfortable to stay inside the van while we ate bread and butter and ham, or tinned meat of some kind, and cheese washed down with lemon squash or beer.

The hour before lunch was the worst of the day, for by then the sun was at its hottest and the children were bored with whatever they were doing and only Christopher would ever sleep during the day. Sometimes I used to tell stories to them, beguiling the time until we felt we had earned our mid-day halt.

Clothes, even woollens, must always be ironed and should never be put on the ground to dry, for the putrescent fly may lay their eggs in the garment, and unless they are killed by a hot iron they hatch out beneath the skin and form boils.

The children were soon very well trained. Christopher used to say, “Are there jiggers here?” as he stepped out of the van, or “Is this ‘hartzel’ water?” if we came to a stream.

No illness

HOWEVER, in spite of all these possible afflictions on the trip itself, thanks to our taking due precautions, the children never had a moment's illness, though at Cape Town, before we started the trip, they were all ill with enteritis, middle-ear trouble, or tonsillitis.

People very naturally assume that because I drove our van 17,000 miles round South and Central Africa I must have considerable mechanical knowledge. Such a conclusion could not be further from the truth.

Unfortunately, although I find wood a sympathetic medium, I am allergic to machinery.

The ceiling of my ability in this direction is to take out and clean the plugs—though, thank goodness, I never once had to do this.

In spite of the most appalling roads, the van went merrily about.

KILIMANJARO...



This time the family didn't come too...

ly and we managed to prevent anything going wrong by having the engine thoroughly overhauled every few thousand miles; and although we had a selection of spare parts ranging from springs to pistons, we did not even have to unpack them—which was just as well, because I had no list of what had been supplied and I had no idea what most of them were for.

We had also been supplied with a set of oversized tyres, and these were so good that in spite of miles of vile corrugations and roads in which ribs of naked rocks protruded, the van, at the end of 17,000 miles, hardly showed any sign of wear, and we had only one puncture on the whole trip.

In some parts of Central Africa we could see no other car all day, and had this happened to us then, we might well have had to spend several days by the roadside—but as

we always carried several days' supply of food and water, this could have had no serious consequences, though it would have been very annoying.

On another occasion in Uganda, a mysterious screw fell out of the carburettor. The diagram in the manual did not even mark this screw, much less indicate what its purpose was; and after spending some time fruitlessly searching for it, up and down the road I accepted a lift from a passing car and returned to Maseru, 22 miles distant.

I could not replace the screw, but an Indian mechanic told me that its function was to hold up the float, and if I made one of wood, it would serve its purpose equally well.

An African lorry driver gave me a lift back and I fashioned a beautiful hardwood screw, but petrol still poured out. In desperation I took the carburettor off—a formidable undertaking which I hope I shall never have to repeat—and replaced it with a new one. I returned to Maseru, 22 miles distant.

The garage soon made me a new screw, and once again I thumbed a lift back. I replaced the carburettor, but, alas, petrol still flooded out and for the third time I returned to Maseru.

It transpired that the Indian mechanic had replaced the float upside down, and having put this little matter right, I drove for the seventh time along this 22-mile stretch of road—and this time everything worked beautifully.

But it was now evening, and we had to spend the night by the roadside, driving on to Kampala next day.

The children had had to spend that whole day sitting in the van in blazing sunshine but the walls and roof of the van were well insulated with an inch and a half of plastic material, and it was cool enough for Valerie and Stephen, while Christopher slept soundly on the mattress.

They also amused themselves with modelling clay—usually making elephants and rhinos or other animals they had seen. One of the most annoying things that happened was a sudden and unaccountable drop in the oil pressure, and it was unfortunate that this occurred on the very day that we drove

AFRICAN INFLUENCE

Our three children “dressed up” on the voyage home... and obviously with memories of the African tribes still fresh in their minds

through the Mau Mau country to Nairobi.

At the top of the Mau escarpment the road reached an altitude of 9,000ft. and then descended steeply to the floor of the Rift Valley. It was a delightful country, with immense fields of wheat, oats, and maize, studded with the occasional umbrella-shaped thorn trees and clumps of coral-red aloes, while in the distance the Aberdare Mountains thrust their blue summits into the cloud-scattered sky.

We had driven from Kitale that day, and after many weeks on the rough, narrow dirt roads of the Belgian Congo and Uganda, we were looking forward to the superb tarred road that ran for the last 150 miles to Nairobi. But no sooner had we reached it than we noticed this drop in the oil pressure and dare not drive at more than 40 miles an hour.

A revolver

WE reached Nakuru at 2 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon and eventually traced the mechanic to his house on the outskirts of the town.

I was somewhat startled when he opened his door to find myself looking into the barrel of a loaded revolver. But we soon got used to this: in this part of Kenya everybody carried arms wherever they went, and on lonely farms particularly every precaution had to be taken against surprise.

The mechanic could not account for the drop in oil pressure, and seemed to think that as long as we drove slowly we should reach Nairobi safely—and sure enough, having driven 270 miles in the day, we crossed the Kikuyu Reserve and reached the capital of Kenya in the evening.

At Nairobi we found that the Education Department, for which I was doing some lecturing, had provided a district officer's empty house for our use at Kiambu, 10 miles north of the city. This was a notorious trouble-spot, and when I went to the police station for the key of the house I noticed that it was surrounded by barbed-wire barricades and that inside it was a group of unhappy-looking curfew-breakers awaiting interrogation. The walls were papered with “Hue and Cry” notices offering 10,000 shillings reward for wanted murderers.

We were not too happy about our house, particularly as I should have to leave the family there while I was away lecturing, often till late at night. The garden was surrounded by a dense hedge which completely cut us off from other dwellings, and the wooden walls of the house were less than 10 yards from the barbed-wire fence surrounding the Kikuyu Reserve.

That night some rather peculiar things happened. First a Kikuyu arrived with some meat. We could not communicate with him but he insisted on leaving it. Perhaps it had been ordered by the D.O.—but surely they knew he was away. Was it a ruse to see what we looked like—or was it poisoned? Then, soon after 9 p.m., all the lights fused and as I prowled round the house with my carbine at the ready (thoroughly enjoying myself, I must confess) there were sounds of drumming and chanting just over the fence in the reserve, and all the dogs were barking.

Faith and Valerie, who were listening at the window, were sure that an administering ceremony was taking place and

they determined that if they survived this night, nothing would persuade them to repeat the experience.

Next day, therefore, once the van was repaired (an oil pipe had apparently broken inside the sump), Faith and Valerie set off to drive 300 miles to Mombasa to give the children some sea-bathing. I showed them how to work my carbine and although the “little rains” had broken and cars were daily getting stuck in the mud, they reached the coast without incident.

I spent another week at Nairobi, lecturing and broadcasting, and then set off with two friends to climb Kilimanjaro, 19,563ft., the highest mountain in Africa.

Of the three great glaciated peaks of Central Africa, Kilimanjaro is the least attractive to a mountaineer; but Mount Kenya was out of bounds owing to the Mau Mau emergency, and it was not the right time of the year to attempt Ruwenzori.

3,000 miles

WE had, in fact, spent several weeks in the vicinity of the Mountains of the Moon, first on the Congo side and then in Uganda, but the range was continually shrouded in cloud and we could understand how the early explorers had for long refused to believe in the existence of these fabulous snowy mountains within a few miles of the Equator.

Kilimanjaro is just a long and tedious walk, but to reach the summit in the time at our disposal we ascended 16,000ft. of altitude in just over 50 hours and suffered very much from mountain-sickness—severe throat, loss of appetite, and appalling headaches.

Having rejoined the family at Mombasa, we then set off to drive the whole length of Tanganyika and Nyasaland, and across Portuguese East Africa to Salisbury and Umtali in Southern Rhodesia—a distance of more than 3,000 miles, almost entirely on dirt roads.

From Beira, we returned by sea to England—and our journey was over.

LOOKING back over our trip, we feel it was a great success, and we enjoyed almost every moment of it, but another time we would not stay away so long—six months is quite enough.

Yes, it is lovely to be back in England.

But we are already studying the maps of South America this time!

MUSIC OF THE PAMPAS

By JAMES WICKENDEN

EVEN Latin American music has not escaped from the craze to make everything sound the same. So we have learned to like the mambo—a tautened, brassy version of what were once folk melodies.

At first it was exciting, but then it became a monster no one could escape from. With similar benedictine-style Latin Americans, it stifled the older and better music.

In fact, there are many who have never heard Latin American music as it is in its genuine form. Like most art which has grown amidst nature far from cities, it was simple. It had the timeless charm of open spaces.

REALLY LISTEN It demands of the listener only one thing, the ability to cease thinking and twitching and listen; really listen, like an aboriginal to a bird song in a wood. It is a pulse that most of us have forgotten.

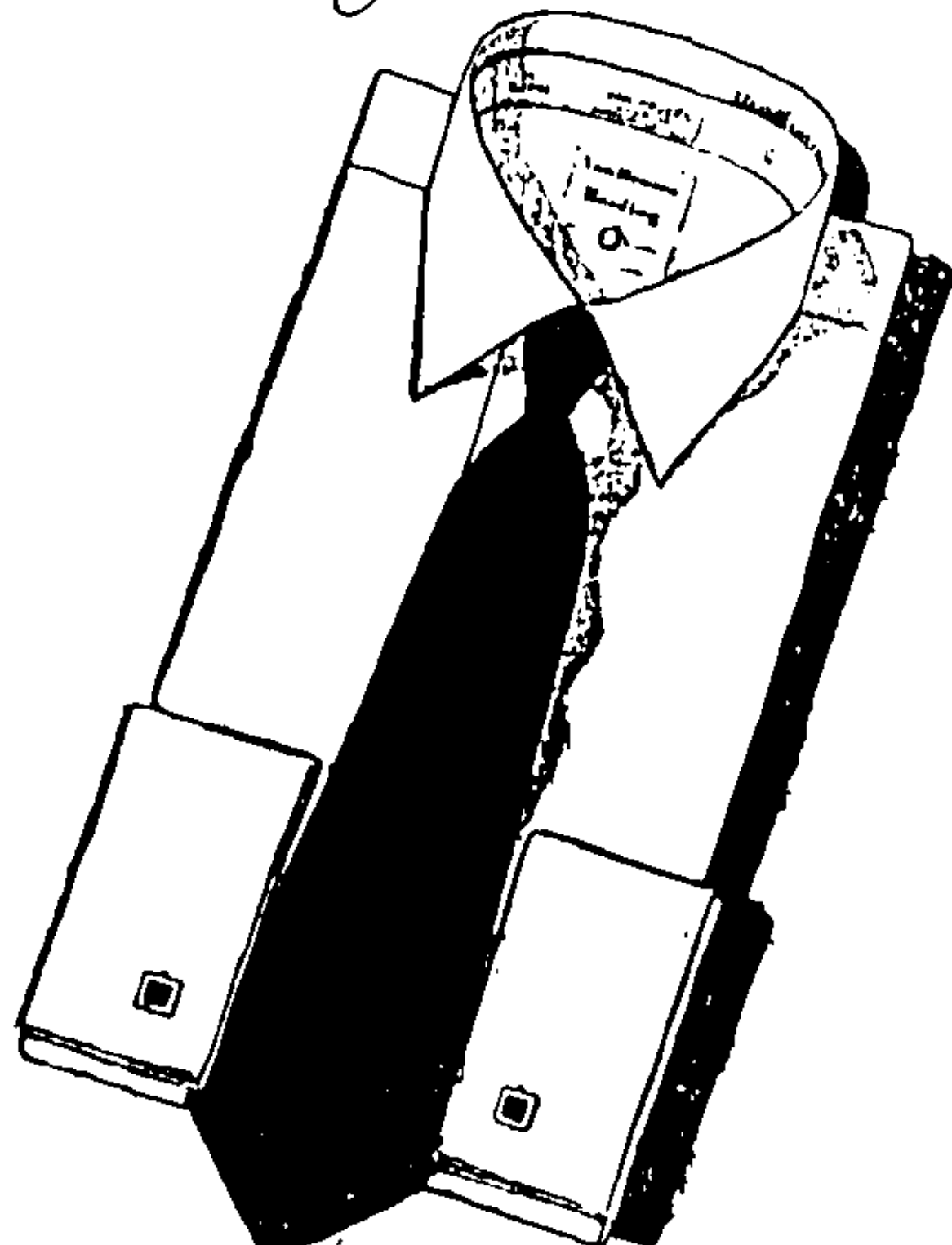
The typical instruments were designed to take the sounds of nature and make music from

It means that six to eight is about the right number to produce a camp, the music is shuffling feet and song. That seems to take time from something innate in man's blood. The most flourishing period of this music has now almost vanished. Such numbers as “Lamento del clavel” are typical of it.

Now recording companies have begun to tap these sources, mostly in Mexico. If one wants a new musical experience with an elusive, deceptively simple quality, this is it. As a rule, one can try any record, but how those haunting horns made the swishing rhythm. As most have spent years of their lives in the theatre of the pampas,

the trumpet of the pampas,

A shirt of character



This cool style Van Heusen “Harding” Brand shirt is in fine poplin, fully shrunk. The unthinkable neckband is worn on the curve, like the Van Heusen collar—for which it is expressly designed. Collar, too, are of Van Heusen semi-stiff fabric. A shirt whose unblemished character is evident in every stitch!

O Van Heusen

Bilharzia

ONE of the greatest dangers in most of Africa is from bilharzia; if you drink from, or even put your hand in, a lake or river that has been infected by the snail which carries this disease, parasitic worms may enter your blood-stream, whence they find their way to your liver and attack your bladder or bowels.

So every drop of water had to be boiled and the children had to be kept out of all lakes and rivers.

Malaria we avoided by having nets made to fit each window and by taking paludrine regularly. Then there are jigger-fleas, which you can pick up by walking barefooted, and dysentery and enteric fevers from drinking unboiled water or eating raw fruit and vegetables.

We did not have to depend on finding water at our camping sites as we carried 12 gallons with us in milk cans which we used to fill up at a house or garage during the day.

We had also been supplied with a set of oversized tyres, and these were so good that in spite of miles of vile corrugations and roads in which ribs of naked rocks protruded, the van, at the end of 17,000 miles, hardly showed any sign of wear, and we had only one puncture on the whole trip.

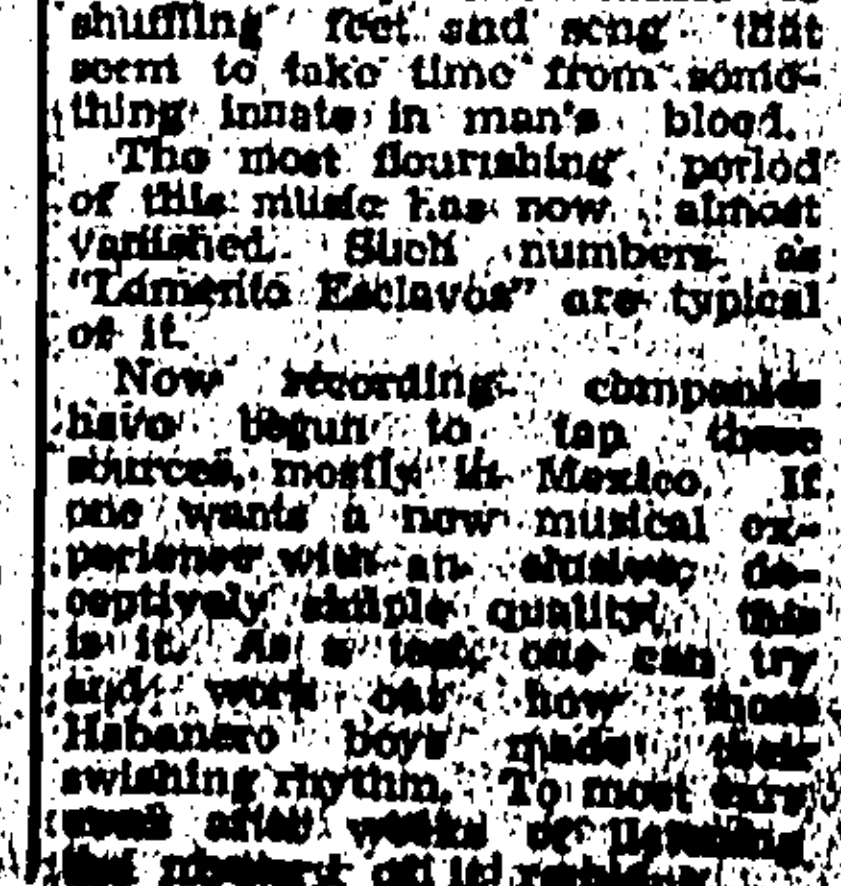
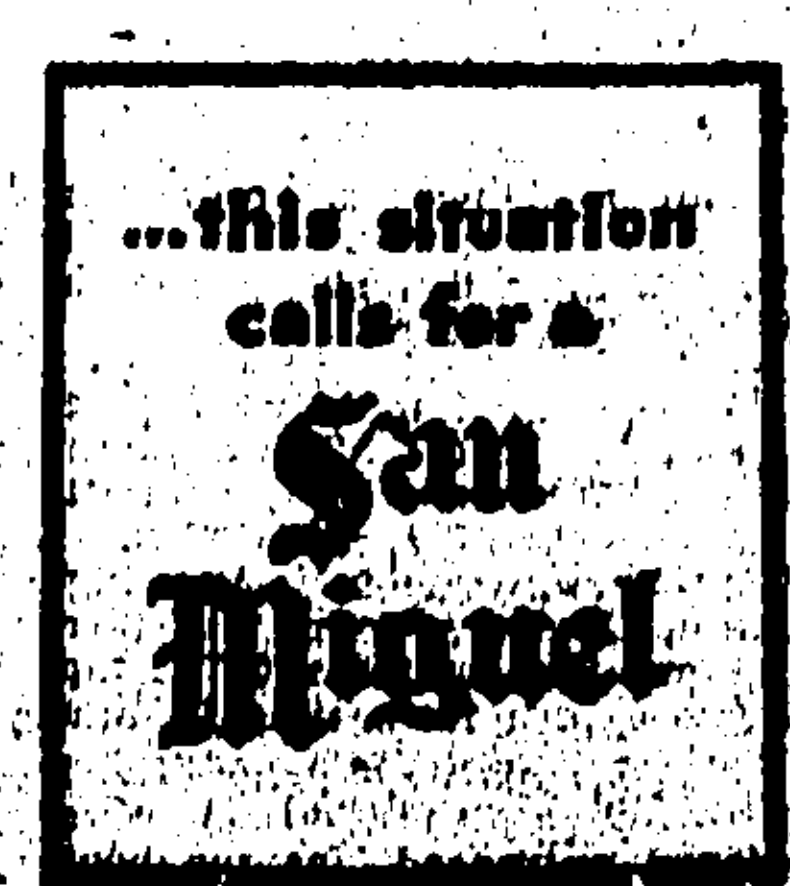
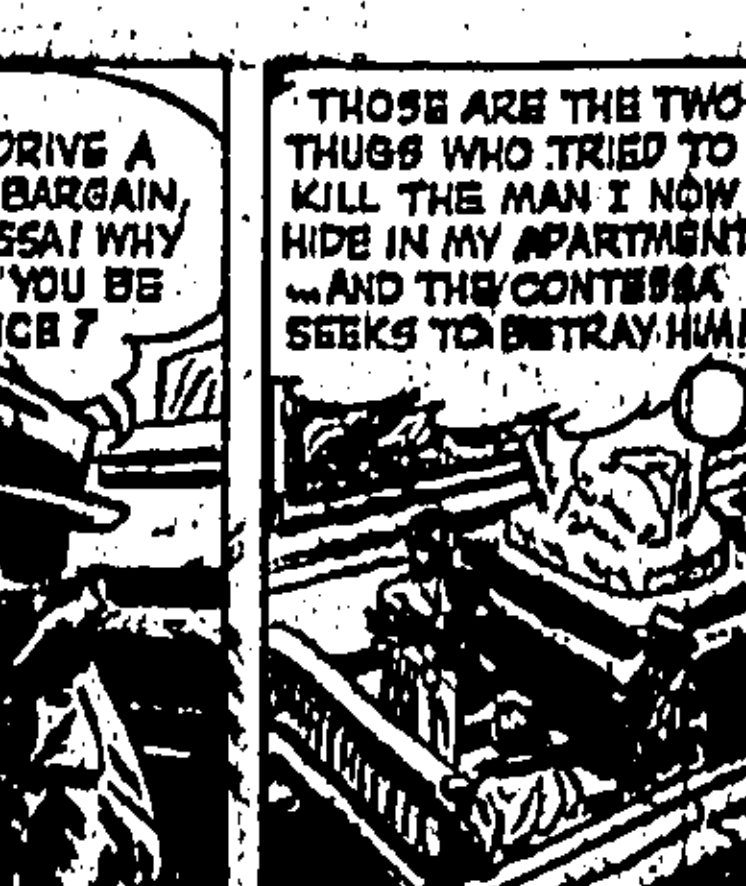
In some parts of Central Africa we could see no other car all day, and had this happened to us then, we might well have had to spend several days by the roadside—but as



TO a man with a discerning palate, whisky is not merely “Scotch”. He looks for the finer points and names his preferences... White Horse. Every drop is perfectly aged and matured until it is as fine a whisky as ever came out of Scotland. All good things have a name; in Scotch the name is White Horse.

WHITE HORSE
Scotch Whisky
ASK FOR IT BY NAME

JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

THE DIPPER HAT MAKES A COMEBACK



THE BIG DIPPER HAT, in eclipse for years, is back with a bang for winter parties. Wear it with the plainest dress, the most ordinary suit, and you'll still be the best-dressed woman there. The hat (from Simone Mirman) is brandy-coloured felt, the big brim covered with peacock's feathers.

—(London Express Service)

If you don't eat breakfast—beware! For The Dodgers Go Dizzy ... Shaky ... Languid

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

HOW bright do you feel at 11 a.m.? A famous dietitian tells me that your efficiency depends largely on your breakfast. If you want to win friends and influence people in the morning, the skip-and-nibble breakfast is the worst possible start.

Yet breakfast eating is on the way down.

MANY WIVES cut down breakfast because they are too busy getting the family off to work or to school.

MANY WOMEN cut it down because this is the easiest way to diet.

MANY YOUNG PEOPLE cut it down because they haven't left themselves time to eat it. Fastening their coat buttons with one hand and snatching a cup of tea with the other, they rush off to work unfed.

SOME PEOPLE have picked up the "Continental breakfast" habit, but eat much less bread with the meal than a true Continental would do.

A WRETCHED FEW (this goes for me) have got so out of the habit of eating breakfast that the slight of food early in the morning turns them over.

Test Results

Whatever the reason, these defaulters have given up something that they really need. By breakfast time you have already gone 10 or 12 hours without eating, and you need to restore. This dietitian showed me the results of very thorough tests which have just been carried out on different groups of people, and I am afraid that non-breakfast-eaters had dizziness, languidness, and many other unhappy symptoms by midday.

The guinea-pigs were tested for three weeks with breakfast and three without. Results were convincing in every group. Manual workers fell off in output. Brain workers slowed up. Housewives dithered and took longer over the same tasks. Schoolchildren failed in work which they managed easily with a meal inside.

What sort of breakfast should you eat?

You can't make rigid rules, but, as general, it is desirable

to take in about one-fifth of your day's calories at breakfast time.

Assuming that the average man needs 3,000 calories a day and the average woman 2,500, a good breakfast will total 500 to 600 calories, with a bit of leeway on their side to allow for differences in weight and work.

To start you off on a new career of machine-gun efficiency I have worked out the calorie values of three quite different types of breakfast.

Calorie Values

As you will see, it is as easy to stoke up well on the Continental type of breakfast as on the egg-and-bacon type. If you play about with the formula.

Half-an-ounce more butter or one more roll will give you more nourishment if you want it.

CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST

CALORIES
COFFEE (2 cups, with 5 oz. milk, 100 calories, and 2/3 oz. sugar, 80 calories) 180
EGG (1, weight 1 1/2 oz.) 120
BUTTER (1 1/2 oz.) 110
MARMALADE (1/2 oz.) 40

QUICK UNCOOKED BREAKFAST

CALORIES
CEREAL (4 oz., 75 calories, with 50 oz. milk, 100 calories, and 1/2 oz. sugar, 60 calories) 235
FRUIT (e.g., 1 apple) 60
TEA (2 cups, with 2 oz. milk, 40 calories and 2/3 oz. sugar, 80 calories) 120
TOAST (1 slice) 80
BUTTER (1/2 oz.) 55
MARMALADE (1/2 oz.) 40

TRADITIONAL BREAKFAST

CALORIES
BACON (1 slice) 75
EGG (1) 120
TEA (2 cups, with 2 oz. milk, 40 calories and 2/3 oz. sugar, 80 calories) 120
TOAST (2 slices) 160
BUTTER (1/2 oz.) 55
MARMALADE (1 oz.) 80

MAN-MADE FABRICS MAKE NEWS

Petticoats Look Like Fancy Dresses

London. Exhibitions are springing up all over London like side-shows at a fair.

Their variety is limitless. In one week we have had school clothes, lingerie and home furnishings. And the organisers are ingenious. They usually arrange their shows so enticingly that visitors must put away their purses lest they spend all their money.

This was certainly true of the lingerie exhibition. Dainty, lace-trimmed petticoats were hung in show cases decorated with a fairy queen's crown and other accessories lent by Covent Garden — to conjure up scenes from the ballet.

This did not detract from the exhibition's purpose which was to present the latest marvels in man-made fabrics. These included permanently stiffened nylon, which makes a reliable petticoat under a full-

more like fancy dress. Many of them are a riot of colour. There was the "Merry Widow" petticoat in black permanently stiffened nylon, with its pink frill covered with black lace; there was the rayon cocktail slip in sulphur yellow trimmed with blue lace.

But whether visitors to this exhibition preferred their lingerie plain or coloured, they noted gladly that everything on show will wash easily, dry quickly and need little or no ironing.

The first national exhibition of school children's clothes at the Festival Hall showed that designers think first of the clothes' practical qualities, and only secondly of style.

★ ★ ★

There were embossed cottons which don't require iron; socks in hardwearing crepe nylon which stretch to fit growing feet, shirt sleeves with generous tucks to be let down when needed.

Mothers noted thankfully that they can buy socks which won't fall into holes after a few wearings, and reinforced trousers which won't suffer when young Johnny slides down the bannisters.

But they also wished that there were more imaginative styles for young daughters to wear out-of-school.

The teenager wants something more original than checked gingham, more "grown-up" than spotted voile, more stylish than the plain little dresses, with button-through bodices, puffed sleeves and flared skirt, which were to be seen everywhere.

★ ★ ★



New beachwear by Frederick Starke. In white cotton, this playful is topped with a cotton "tutu."

skirted dress, and permanently pleated nylon, a favourite for frilly trimmings. These new techniques, by the way, do live up to their descriptions. The permanent stiffening and the permanent pleating survive repeated washings.

Once the petticoat was a very ordinary, plain-fabric affair. Now, as this exhibition illustrated, it has taken on so many airy-fairy frills and ruffles that it looks

like a grown-up edition of her younger sister or a scaled-model of her elder sister. She wants styles for her own age, styles pretty that they turn her into a "little madam."

But mothers looking for something different at this fair were disappointed. If it's colour you want at home, then a furnishings exhibition shows you how to get it. The best way is by painting. The exhibition showed what this means.

PARIS WINTER FASHIONS

By Barbara Miller

ASIDE from the current "fit look" issue, the fashionable woman has a number of other decisions to make if she chooses her winter wardrobe from the new Paris collections.

Starting at the bottom, there is the question of spats. To keep the well-dressed woman's ankles warm, red spats fastened with tiny black buttons were displayed at several recent shows. At Maggy Douff's these spats are worn over black pumps.

Rouff also has an unexpected accessory hole — gold kid shoes and hat to be worn with a dark grey flannel suit enlivened by big gold buttons.

NEW BUSTLINE

Far from being deflated, Rouff's bosoms are ample. Frequently they are displayed by extreme décolleté and accentuated by a big black beauty spot.

However, if she has her heart set on being bosomless in keeping with Christian Dior's edict, madame may buy a special corset and bra which will raise her bust up toward her chin

and compress it to a flat 32.7 inches.

In fur fashions, Dior's smoky amethyst mink coat is a key-note. Mink, in all the collections, and especially in Dior's, is a triumphant American invasion.

INDIVIDUALITY

Amid all this sumptuousness, Germaine Lecompte has struck a practical note. For the working woman who goes to dinner straight from the office, Germaine recommends her black saia broadcloth suit stopped by a wine-red cape lined in skunk. The cape and jacket are taken off to be replaced by a décolleté blouse for evening.

An accompanying daytime handbag of black box calf contains a small evening bag, black lace handkerchief, white satin embroidered blouse and a pair of fancy shoes.

Gres, always an individualist, ignores the straight-line, redemptive coat style. Her collection includes a full troubadour cape belted in front, a poucho coat with a beaver collar and a ballooned suit jacket gathered on a drawstring around the hips like a laundry bag. —United Press.

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Rope-printed cotton is one of the new materials for wearing down to the beach. Here it is used for jeans with "saddle-bar" pockets. The black poplin shirt is cut straight so that it can be worn in or outside the jeans. This outfit is also by Frederick Starke.

Grey coffee cups with scar. Instead, it's suggested, have let interiors caught your eye in one room and tartan-covered chairs in another. Wine glasses, smoked a delicate blue or a spicy brown, attracted attention in a third.

There's nothing so dull, we're told, as all four walls painted the same shade.

—Dorothy Barkley

New Fall Color Enchantment brought to you only by **AVON**.

She doesn't want to be a grown-up edition of her younger sister or a scaled-model of her elder sister. She wants styles for her own age, styles pretty that they turn her into a "little madam."

But mothers looking for something different at this fair were disappointed. If it's colour you want at home, then a furnishings exhibition shows you how to get it. The best way is by painting. The exhibition showed what this means.

Available at Lane Crawford, Ltd., Hong Kong Dispensary, Colonial Dispensary, and other leading stores.



THE grounds of the Club de Recreio were transformed into a bit of gay, sunny Portugal for the Portuguese Fair last Sunday. It was in aid of the Portuguese Community School, students of which may be seen above performing a colourful folk dance. At top: Pretty flower-seller Miss Z. Carvalho "pins" a buyer. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Joanetta Ho, seen here rehearsing at Maestro Elisio Gualdi's studio, opened the Choral Group's winter season yesterday evening with a recital of songs at the Grantham Training College. Miss Ho sang the principal part of Violetta in the Choral Group's production of "La Traviata." (Staff Photographer)



MR Torsten Brandel, Consul for Sweden, receiving guests arriving for the reception given at the Repulse Bay Hotel last week to celebrate Sweden's National Day. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Hongkong and Shanghai Bank and Swire cricketers who met at the Hongkong Cricket Club last Sunday. The match ended in a tie. (Ming Yuen)



THE foundation stone of the original Union Church, demolished during the war, was relaid last Sunday on the site of the new church by Mr John Finnis, Chairman of Trustees (right), who is seen addressing the gathering. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: The victorious Hongkong Thomas Cup badminton team, pictured with Dr the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues, President of the Badminton Association, and the Hon. Kwok Chan. (Staff Photographer)

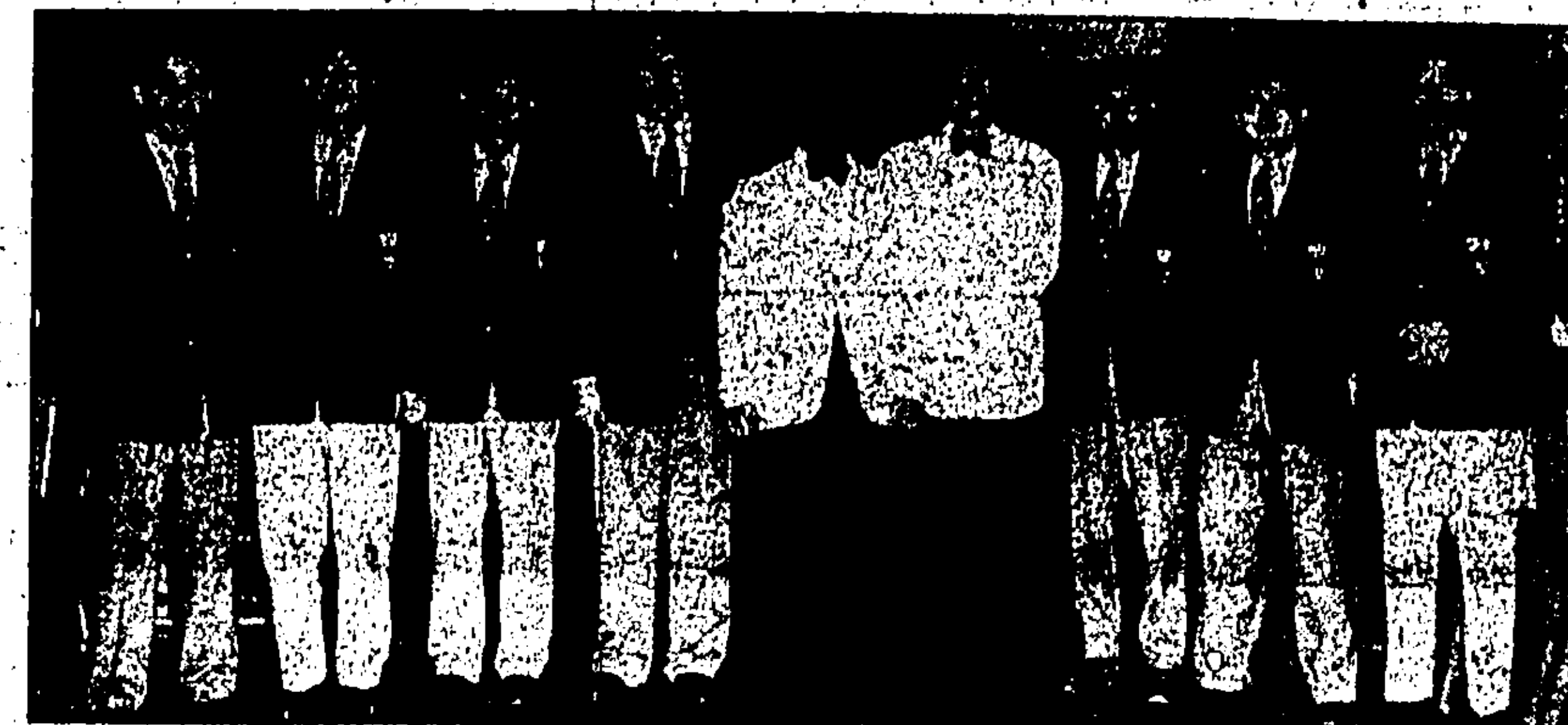


RIGHT: Christening of Christina Alderton, three-month-old daughter of Mr and Mrs Paul D. Alderton, at St Joseph's Church last Sunday. The Rev. Fr A. Granelli officiated. (Willis's)



JOHN ARLOTT (left), famous BBC sports commentator, on his way to Australia to report on the Test matches, snapped in the studios of Radio Hongkong where he was interviewed by John Wallace. (Staff Photographer)

CLARK GABLE, the famous screen star who arrived on Monday to film his new picture, "Soldier of Fortune," on location here, faces a battery of cameras at his meeting with the Hongkong Press. (Staff Photographer)



ALUMNI of Hongkong University and the University of Shanghai who met last Saturday at the Chinese Recreation Club in the first of a tennis series for alumni of various universities resident here. (Staff Photographer)

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JINGLE BELL, this year's Derby winner, won the Hongkong St Leger at Happy Valley last Saturday. In centre above is the pony's owner, Mr David Sung, with the trophy. Others are (from left), Mr A. H. Penn, Mr H. K. Chuang, the successful jockey, Mrs Penn and Mr D. Benson, Chairman of Stewards. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Lennart Askinger, captain of the visiting AIK football team from Stockholm, and Hongkong's captain, Tong Sheung, exchange pennants before last Saturday's thrilling game at Caroline Hill. Above: At the dinner in honour of the visitors, Mr Rudolf Koch, President of AIK, presents a pin to the Hon. Kwok Chan, President of the Hongkong Football Association. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP taken at the German Consulate-General when Pastor L. K. Stumpf (seated) was presented with the Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany for his services to refugees, displaced and stateless people. (Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of St George's Society and St Andrew's Society who played in their annual lawn bowls match last Saturday. St George's had their first win since the war. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Wedding at St Teresa's Church on Wednesday of Mr Mario Achilles Roza Pereira and Miss Aida Maria Botelho. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the party given at the Little Flower Club to welcome back the Roman Catholic Bishop, Monsignor Lawrence Bianchi. From left: Mr John Pomeroy, Bishop Bianchi, the Very Rev. A. Riganthi, Rev. Fr Orlando. (Staff Photographer)

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A sack race in progress at the annual sports meeting of the Boys and Girls Club Association. Over 2,500 children from 70 clubs attended. Inset: Miss Dorothy Lee, Principal Youth Welfare Officer, with a little club member. (Staff Photographer)

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1 x 15 oz. tin Picnic Ham
1 x 16 oz. tin Smoked Lean Bacon
1 x 15 oz. tin Pork Kidneys
1 x 8 oz. tin Canadian Pink Salmon
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1 x 8 oz. box Gruyere Cheese
1 x 5 1/2 oz. tin Camembert Cheese
To U.K. \$35.00

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1 x 16 oz. tin Smoked Lean Bacon
1 x 30 oz. tin Peaches
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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

FEEDING THE TODDLER

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

MANY a mother comes to her doctor with the complaint that her toddler, aged 18 months to three or four years, doesn't eat well. "When he was a baby, he was always hungry," she complains. "But now . . . and she shakes her head in despair.

Usually there is nothing radically wrong, except with mother's ideas of what a child ought to be eating at that age. The child's growth is most rapid in the first months, when he doubles his birth weight. He never does that again in the same length of time. In the second six months he gains about half what he weighed at six months, thus tripling his birth weight. After that his gain slows up appreciably until he is between two and three years old, when it may pick up again, but much more slowly. Nature, then, he eats less, not only less in proportion to his size, but actually less in total amount than he ate in infancy.

Above all, mother must not worry the child about not eating. This is the surest way to create an eating problem. The child's own needs will be the safest guide to the amount of his eating. Providing meals are happy times, unspiced by nagging, forcing and too strict supervision.

Intake and Capacity

If a youngster who eats well at table gets hungry between meals, a snack at all right, but it should represent some good food the child requires, such as fruit, milk, cereal or a sandwich, rather than sweets and soft drinks. Constant eating between meals, more for amusement than for hunger, is undesirable, and spoils the next meal.

The excellence of milk as a food has caused over-emphasis in the diet of some children. They need milk daily, but not an arbitrary quart, regardless of other food intake and of the child's capacities. Children do very well on a pint a day in liquid form, if they have cheese, cream soups or creamed foods, custards, and milk or

cream on their cereals. They should, of course, have butter or margarine.

It used to be considered a virtue to "lick the plate clean." The family was reminded of this every time food was left on the plate. This is one of the old adages better relegated to the past. When a child has had enough, he quits eating. He should not be forced, coaxed or coerced into "licking" up all the boloney, rice, baby.

The toddler should be encouraged to use as much as he will of the important protein foods—meats, eggs and fish. He cannot get all his required protein from his milk. Meats should be very well cooked and shredded into small pieces, because his chewing equipment is not yet up to adult strength.

Reason in Feeding

Most children like the tinned tuna and salmon better than fresh cooked fish, and these have the advantage of being boneless. In sandwiches with a mild dressing, they are consumed with relish. Eggs may be served in a variety of ways, but should always be freshly cooked, easily detectably "off" flavour.

Vitamins are important, and they come in the meat, eggs, milk, fish and cheese, as well as in the fruits and vegetables. Too much enthusiasm over necessary vegetables may lead to stuffing the child with three or four big servings of vegetables a day, when all he can handle may be very much less. Reason and judgment guided by close observation of the child's eating habits, will help to solve this problem sensibly. Of course, it is not true that giving the child vitamins in pills, capsules or drops will make his diet of no importance—the main reliance for vitamins and minerals should be on FOOD.

Experiments in which babies were allowed to choose their own diets, and did so, and gained equally with babies fed selected diets, have been widely publicised. These experimental conditions could not be reproduced at home without great inconvenience and expense. Under everyday conditions, it is best to offer the foods he needs, and quietly, without fuss, fanfare or torture, encourage him to eat them.

TASTY RECIPES FROM ABROAD

A Cosmopolitan Touch

IN RECENT weeks, we have enjoyed an excited exchange of recipes wheeled out of homes and restaurants, people back from junkets to Europe, Mexico and Canada.

Some friends were fortunate enough to be house guests in France, and they have come home with wonderful recipes carefully adjusted to our own way of doing things.

One of these was Chicken Mountain Style. To serve 4, select a good-sized but young rooster, weighing about 4-4 1/2 lb. Cut into small meaty pieces (wherever possible, remove superfluous bones, wing tips, etc.).

Beat 2 eggs with an amount of water so 2 half egg shells will hold. Salt and pepper chicken thoroughly, then dip in egg so that all parts are moistened. Allow to remain for 1 hr. Then roll each piece in egg crumbs. Place in well-buttered casserole and cover. Bake in

top section of oven at 350 F. for 1 1/2 hr.

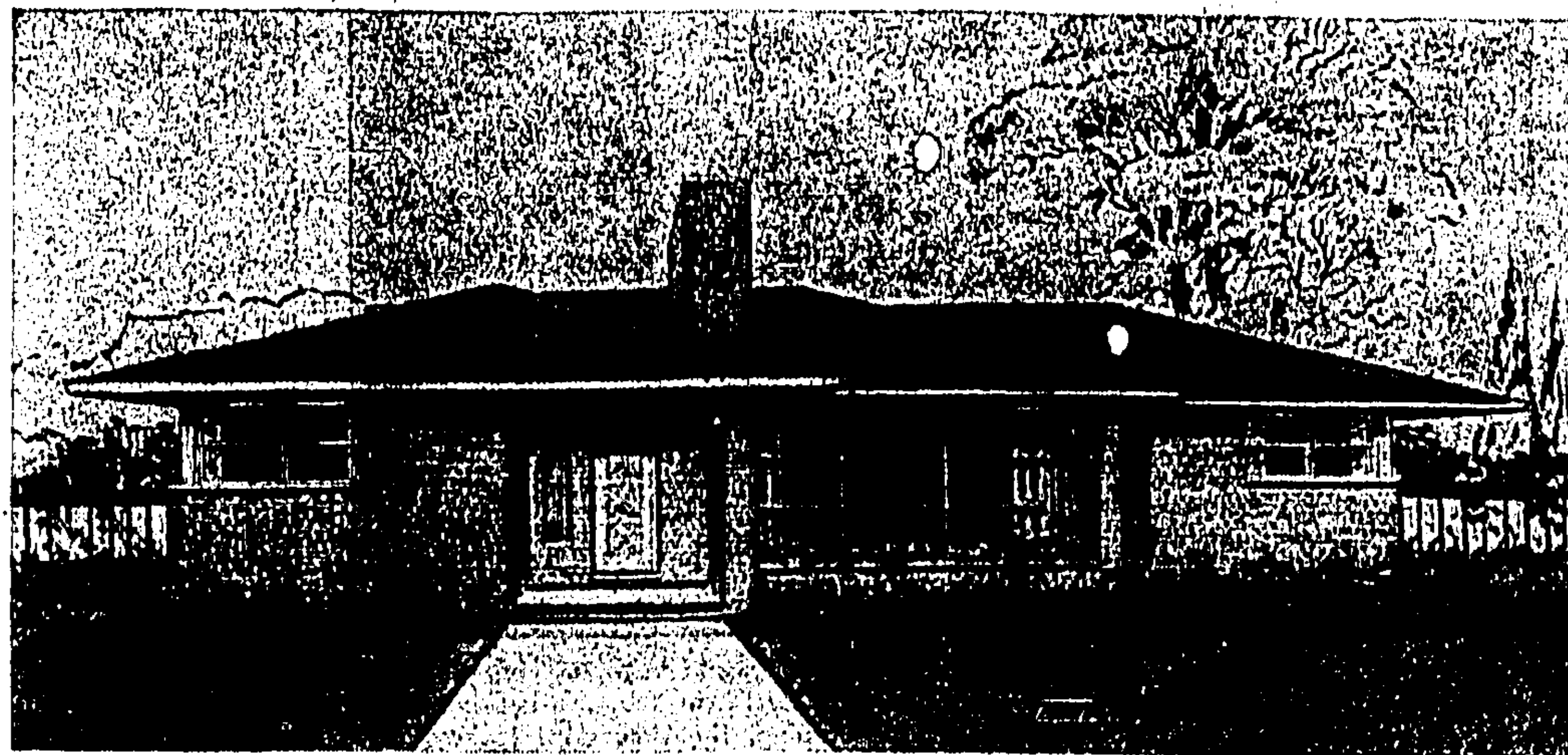
When tender, remove, place selected meats, have been widely publicised. These experimental conditions could not be reproduced at home without great inconvenience and expense. Under everyday conditions, it is best to offer the foods he needs, and quietly, without fuss, fanfare or torture, encourage him to eat them.

Lamb Culetts, Milanese style, is another foreign recipe. Trim superfluous fat from 4 lamb chops, or culetts from leg of lamb; season. Mix 1/2 c. sifted bread crumbs and 1/2 c. Parmesan type cheese, grated. Dip chops in this mixture, then in 1 well beaten egg. Sprinkle with 1/4 c. melted butter, and cook under slow broiler until done.

One traveller says that she is going in for the substantial salad that she found served at so many restaurants in Paris. It is basically a potato salad, enriched with hard-cooked eggs, speck with onion and meat such as snippels of veal or tongue, well peppered and dressed with oil and vinegar. In season, lettuce is added.

—ALICE DENHOFF

★ Many Delightful Features ★



THE FRONT DOOR of this house is sheltered by a wide roof overhang. Note, too, the unusual roof treatment over the lounge and dining nook wings. To the right of the entrance, a planting box provides floral beauty beneath the attractively large picture window.

By Joan O'Sullivan

YOU can't tell a house by its exterior although, looking at the one shown here, you can see for yourself that it's an attractive brick home with contemporary charm.

The inside is what counts, however, and you'll be pleasantly surprised when you look over the floor plan. It's full of delightful features.

Just in case one living room isn't enough, this home has two!

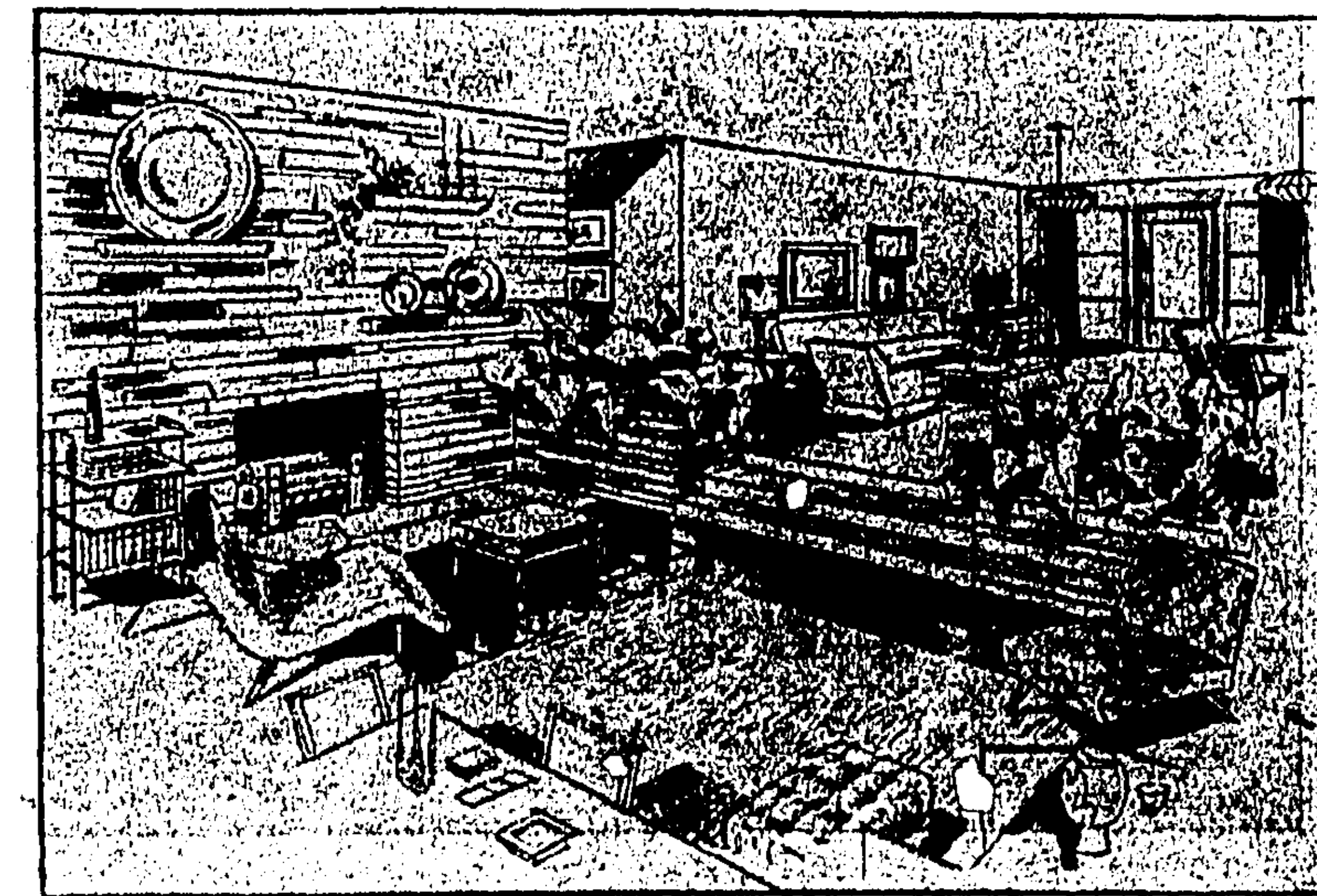
The living-dining room has a doorway to the back porch and, on either side of it, windows that capture a garden view.



At the opposite end of the living room, three steps lead down to the lounge, a second living area. The large fireplace makes it cozy and comfortable, and a wide picture window brings in ample daylight. A planting box on either side of the steps provides a nice decorative note.

The placement of the living areas is especially convenient for the hostess who likes to entertain. At party time, the rooms can be used together as one main area and, in summer, the porch can make a third area for festivities.

The kitchen has a separate dining nook, a built-in china cabinet and a planning desk.



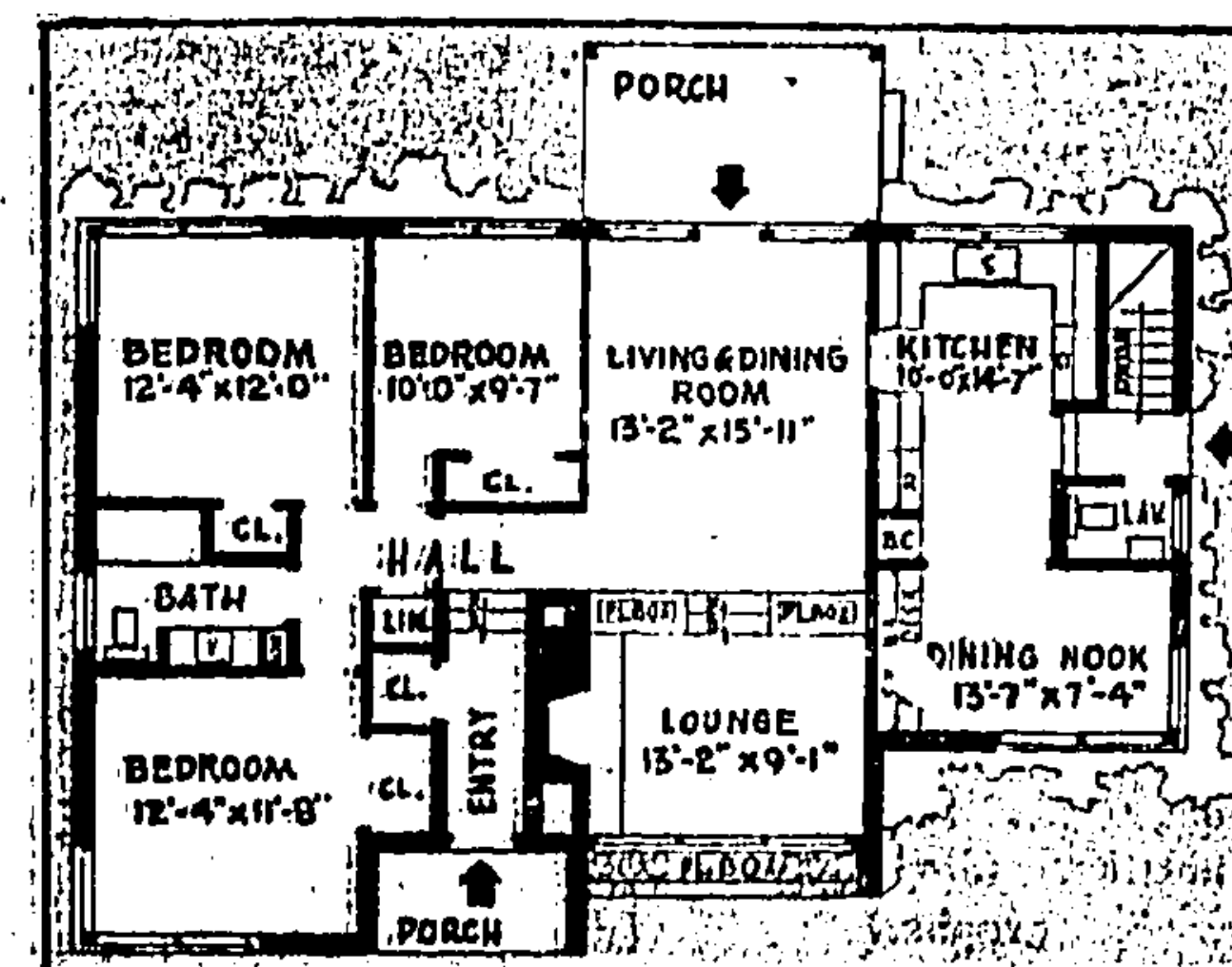
BOTH LIVING ROOMS can be combined to make one large party area, as this sketch shows. The lounge, down a few steps from the living-dining room, has a big fireplace to make it cozy in winter.

An extra lavatory in a hallway to the right of the kitchen serves the entire work area. Basement stairs are opposite the lavatory.

Closet space is generous in the three bedrooms, the larger two of which have corner window arrangements.

The bath in the sleeping area has a vanity as well as a towel cabinet and, as a bonus, there's a linen closet in the hall.

All told, the home comprises 28,028 cubic feet.



THE KITCHEN AREA is well organised with a separate dining nook, a built-in china cabinet and desk and, nearby, an extra lavatory.

East And West Meet In Furniture Fashions

BEAUTIFUL objects from all over the world that owe their inspiration to the colour and design of faraway places are now being shown in model room settings in America.

The traditional, the modern and the exotic blend beautifully in one grouping, that combines oriental lines, authentic Chinese motifs, warm-toned, medium-coloured woods and a nice use of cane for chest fronts and chair seats.

PREVAILING TONES

The prevailing tones are various blues and greens exemplified by the bedroom with walls and draperies in chartreuse and chairs done in turquoise blue. A stripe of royal and turquoise blue and bright green is used to form a ceiling-high bed canopy, colour and design suggesting Moroccan inspiration.

One wall of the dining room is covered in an attractive, bright green grass paper, the other walls in conventional green paper. The bright green colour makes a lively background for the yellow grass paper and draperies. Chaise longue for the chair upholstery. Walnut with a teak-like finish makes a shimmering chest.

Chairs covered with such subtle-coloured fabrics as deep

peacock blue, and deep yet glowing purple, provide striking touches in the living room. The purple fabric covers the sofa, and the living room and an adjoining den or study use much turquoise blue.

Interesting accessories in the settings include a picture of stained glass done in the rich blues and purples with some deep ruby red, a novel wall decoration indeed.

HIGHLIGHTS FOR A ROOM

Unusual too, is a length of ordinary heavy rope painted a bright green and attached to the wall to create an ingenious, and certainly very inexpensive, mirror frame.

Then there is a lovely lamp made from a Japanese ceramic garden lantern, and beautiful Bristol blue glass fruits, shapes like oversized apples and pears. These are more than just rich accents, since they have been put to work by being fitted with removable tops, making them also handy or nut cases.

In another room group, raspberry and chartreuse have been combined for an unusual, but most effective colour scheme. It is seen in a living room where a dining area is set off by being placed under a Moroccan cloth canopy in raspberry red. Flared pillows on the chaise longue pick up the two colours, while the other chairs are done in dull gun-metal grey.

—ELANOR ROSS out clothes

How To Postpone Old Age

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

GROWING old gracefully is good advice. But how much better to postpone the physical signs of age.

It is a bad habit to count a person's age by the number of years he has left. First, if he has enjoyed every minute of his life, no matter what the span, it can be said that he has been living.

Second, if he enjoys every minute of his life, he not only will live longer, counting by years, but he will do more productive work.

In the later years of life, we can make every minute count by paying attention to changes—a few important things: diet, exercise, rest, regular checkups.

It is well accepted now that the diet in later years must be high in proteins, particularly those known as complete proteins, because they supply the ten essential amino acids necessary from which proteins are made. These ten essential amino acids are needed because they cannot be built in the body and they, in turn, are necessary for rebuilding worn-

out tissues. Foods supplying these complete proteins in greatest abundance are meat, milk and eggs. The diet must be kept high in vitamins and minerals, and should not contain excessive fat, since it may lead to disposition of fat in the liver, and consequent interference with the many duties of this important part of the body. Just enough starchy foods and sugars must be included to maintain body energy.

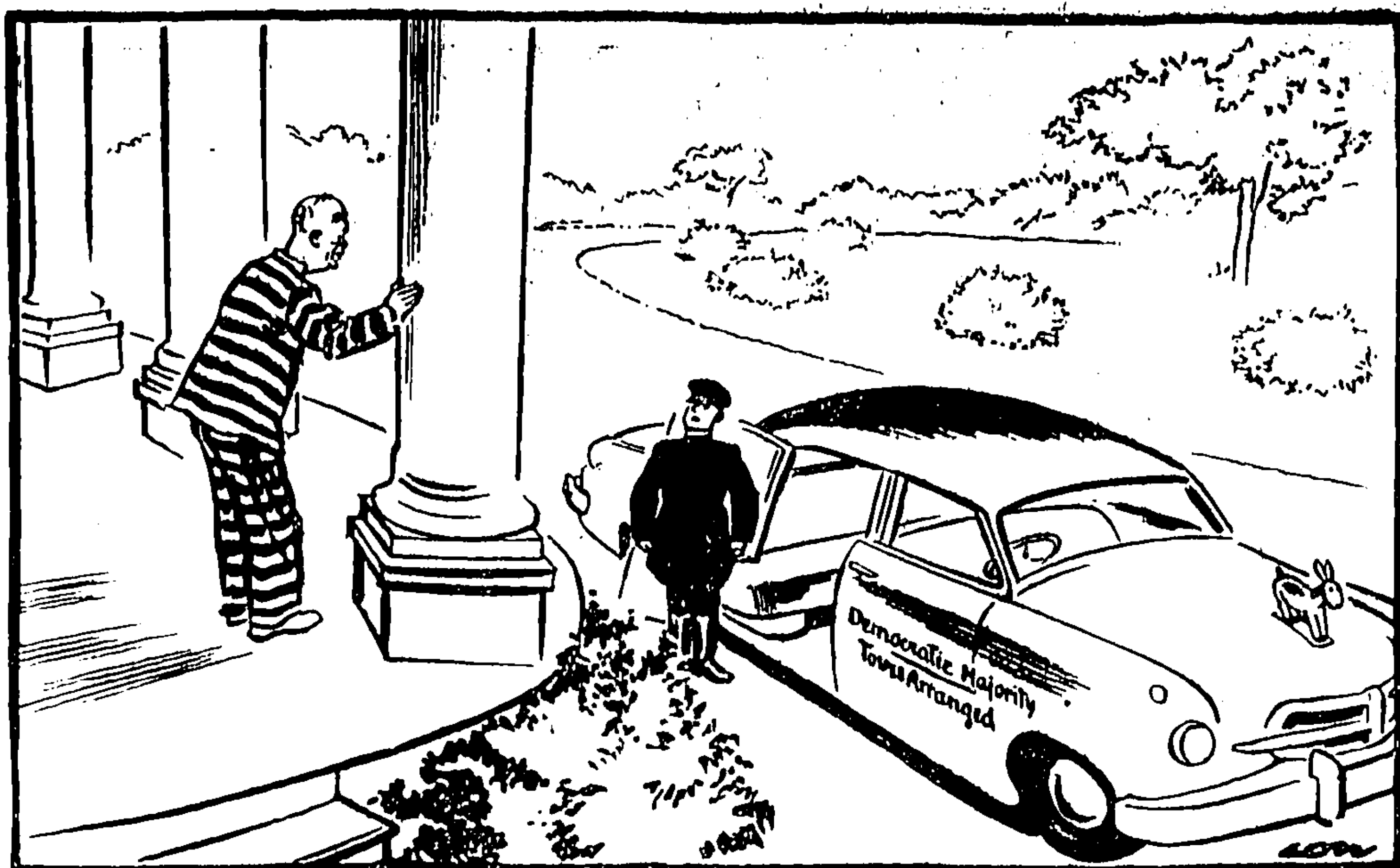
The tendency in the later years is to overeat, which with the decreased expenditure of physical energy at this time of life, will result inevitably in gain of weight. Overeating puts a strain on the heart and other parts of the body.

One of the best ways to guard against the so-called degenerative diseases of later years—heart disease, cancer, diabetes or chronic kidney disease—is a regular checkup by the doctor at least once a year or better, twice a year.

Signs of deterioration can be quickly discovered and diet and habits so adjusted as not only to add years to your life but life to your years.

FOR YOUR FAMILY

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no matter how much you drink



"MR. PRESIDENT, THE CARRIAGE AWAITS"

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SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE P.M.

Churchill—Truly An Elizabethan

SIR Winston Churchill rose from his seat on the Front Bench and arranged his notes on the famous dispatch box which never, by any chance, contains dispatches. A friendly roar of approval greeted him and even Neville Chamberlain who had played the third part to Churchill's pander, smiled with pleasure.

It was the year 1939 and the silent, phoney war had begun. For 10 long heart-break years Churchill had held no office. From the age of 55 to 65 he had been the brilliant failure of British politics, the aging Prince Rupert who was always mounting some new horse and galloping madly in all directions.

And now the rebel had donned the livery of office once again, as First Lord of the Admiralty. How would he begin his speech?

For Churchill gives immense preparation to such an occasion. "Mr Speaker," he said in solemn tones, as if history itself were listening. "Twenty-five years ago as His Majesty's First Lord of the Admiralty I sat in my room and plotted war at sea against Germany. Twenty-five years have passed by, and I find myself holding the same post, sitting in the same room, plotting war across the same waters against the same enemy."

Then It Came!

HE paused for dramatic effect. Like the great orator that he is he had planted two parallel sentences which were dramatic and challenging, and now would come some tremendous utterance that would go rolling down the centuries.

Then it came! "Not quite what one would expect," he remarked.

It was beautifully done. It was so right, so skillfully right. He had refused to dramatise himself. He had paid the Commons the compliment of not addressing us as a public audience. Nor was there even a suggestion of bitterness about the ten lost years in the wilderness. The prodigal son had returned and he had no words of reproach to utter.

That was fifteen years ago. And now on November 30 the irrepressible urchin of British politics will be eighty years of age. I would not be surprised if he uttered those same words



This picture of Churchill was taken in 1914, when he was First Lord of the Admiralty.

"It's not quite what one would expect." He took part in the change of Lancashire in 1914, he escaped from a prison camp in the Boer War, he was second-in-command of a front line battalion for a time in the 1914 war, he flew to France in 1940 and tried to rally his ministers while the refugees were streaming past him and the Germans were close at hand. And in his 60th year he left at the end of a crowded, heart-break day to fly to the United States and immerse himself in the delicate problems of Anglo-American misunderstandings.

Who would have predicted that such a man would live to celebrate his 80th birthday? He defied the gods and they were humbled. Perhaps they realised that like themselves, he was an immortal.

The motto of the Churchill family is "Brave but Unfortunate." Certainly Winston Churchill drank deep of the bitter waters of misfortune. Five times he was rejected at the polls. Let us not begrudge those constituents the place they will hold in history. Oldham, Manchester, Dundee, West Leicestershire, and the Abbey Division of Westminster. But as a true Parliamentarian Churchill would defend to the last word of his vocabulary the right of voters to throw him out. What he thought of their judgment is quite another matter.

He Jumped

TWENTY odd years ago I was spending the week-end with Lionel Guest, a cousin of Churchill's, and he told me a strange story of an adventure he had shared with Churchill when they were boys. There was a big week-end party at Lord Wimborne's country house but the youthful Winston and Lionel, and a couple of others, became bored with the grown-ups and decided to play "Indiana."

Winston nominated himself as the Indian while the others were members of the North-west Mounted Police—except that they were not mounted.

The Indian was given a chance to hide and then the wild scenes but at last the Indian was cornered on a suspension bridge that covered a deep gorge. Two boys held one end of the bridge, the third

held the other end, and Winston was trapped in the middle. They called on him to give himself up or be riddled with imaginary bullets.

There was a tall tree reaching up nearly to the level of the bridge and there was just a chance that with a jump he could reach a protruding branch. So he jumped, but the branch broke and Winston fell to the ground—stunned, possibly dead. The brave boys carried him to the Wimborne house and delivered the body. Needless to say there were terrible scenes but in the midst of them Winston recovered consciousness and was duly scolded by his parents and relatives.

Big Drop

NOT long after my talk with Lionel Guest I was reading a book dealing with the happy-lucky period of the reign of Charles II. According to this book Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, was much attracted by the young Ensign John Churchill. She was of course the favourite of the King but that does not prevent her wandering to the forecourt young Ensign who was destined to become the greatest military genius in the war-spattered story of England's conflicts.

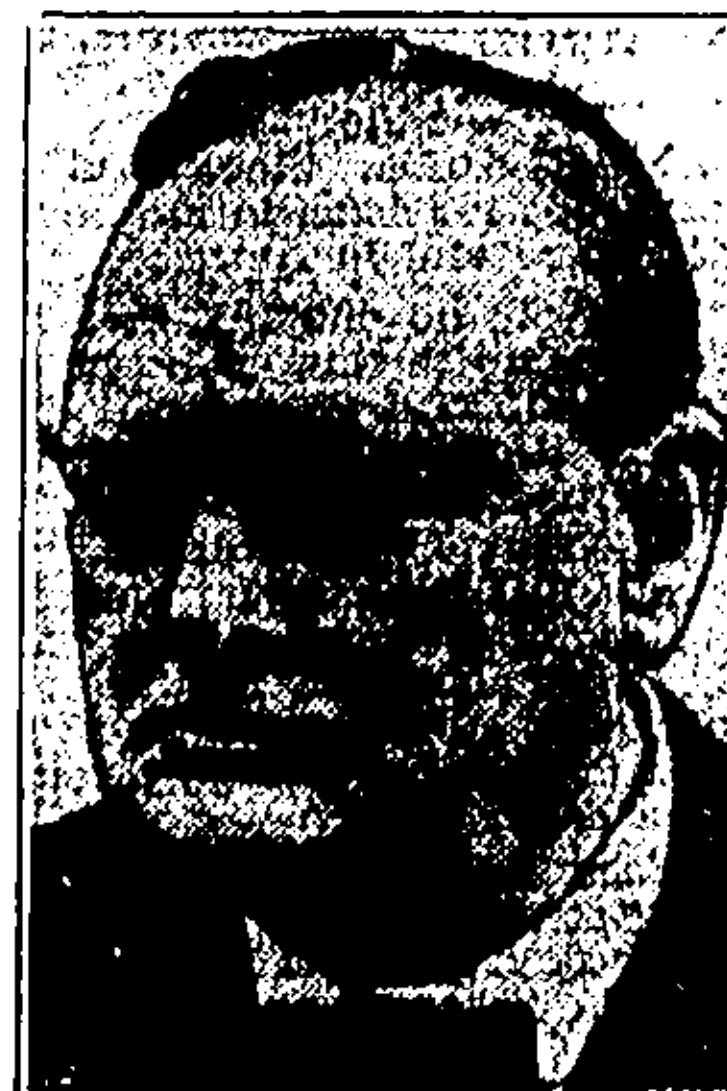
One day she invited young Churchill to visit her, but hardly had they exchanged compliments when, to her horror, the King arrived. It was impossible for the Ensign to make an exit by the door so he opened the window. There was a big drop to the ground, in fact too big. But he saw that a branch of a big tree was possible to reach. So young Churchill made the jump and this time the branch held. The Duchess was so grateful that she influenced the King to advance the young man's military fortunes at a pace much swifter than might have been the case without her intervention. Truly the motto of the Churchills from these two incidents might be "Leap before you look."

His Generosity

ONE of the finest attributes in the character of Winston Churchill is his generosity of spirit. Like the Elizabethans he is not ashamed of tears when his emotions are touched, and he has an extraordinary power of understanding the difficulties being faced by other men.

One day, after Munich, Chamberlain had made a speech in the House in which he had been attacked by several members of his own party. When Chamberlain finished the House almost emptied. I found myself walking beside Churchill in the corridor when a noisy group of younger Tories passed up, criticising Chamberlain for all to hear.

"It's all very well for those fellows," Churchill said to me, "but poor Chamberlain is the man who has to press the button. I do not envy him his place at this hour." After the Munich dismemberment of Czechoslovakia Churchill was talking to two or three of us in the smoke room. "Think of these men who have been ministers in Czechoslovakia and



Churchill in the Second World War when he led the nation to victory as Prime Minister.

opposed Hitler's demands. They never knew when they go home at night whether death waits for them, or that they might be kidnapped and taken across the border to Germany. It's the same in Rumania and Hungary. Hitler's claw is reaching everywhere. These poor fellows walk with death."

Again tears filled his eyes and he was unshaken. There is an intuitive, almost feminine, streak in Churchill's character which makes it possible for him to understand the souls of men whom he did not know or whose language he could not speak.

Furious Scene

IT was perhaps because of these qualities that he formed a genuine affection for Neville Chamberlain in the few months that Churchill served under him in the first War Government in 1939. No two men could have been less alike mentally or emotionally but once they were together in the same Administration they forgot the feuds of the past and formed the highest regard for each other. But the story of Norway early in the war, plus the refusal of the Socialists to serve under Chamberlain, meant that Churchill's hour was near. We held a two-day debate on a vote of confidence. Poor Chamberlain was attacked by Attlee, advised in open debate to resign by Sir Archibald Sinclair the Liberal Leader, shouted at by a noisy section of his own supporters, culminating in Leo Amery's splendid pronouncement: "For God's sake, go!"

As the debate reached its climax Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, rose to wind up for the Government. He must have known that Chamberlain was doomed, and that within a day or two he himself would be summoned to form a government. The Socialists and the Liberals had intimated that they would be willing to serve under him in a wartime coalition government. Therefore we were, certain, in his speech he would defend Chamberlain but would be careful not to encourage the Opposition.

But what did he do? He fought for Chamberlain—the man who would not give him office in the years between the

Away With It On Dec. 24

By Les Armour

THE announcement that Her Majesty's Government will decontrol cold storage at midnight on December 24 seems to have rattled The Times more than a little.

"This," records the Old Thunderer solemnly, "is the sort of thing which induces a kind of ferment in the more unbalanced type of mind."

"Wild speculations, extravagant and befuddled visions, present themselves to its owner's fevered imagination."

The trouble, The Times alleges, is that the poor ill-informed citizen does not even know what cold storage is, let alone where

it is or how the government succeeds in controlling it. This kind of thing, of course, could be effectively remedied by a little government pamphlet entitled: "The Where and What of Cold Storage—Another Triumph for Freedom."

But no such pamphlet will be published and the trouble is, we suspect, that the roots of the matter lie deep and are better left undisturbed.

It is not true, indeed, that the sort of cold storage the government has in mind is the "cold storage" in which the government keeps its plans for potential national disasters or the "cold storage" in which the Labour Party keeps all its plots for undoing whatever it is that the government has been doing.

Once Upon A Time

Nor is it the American kind of "cold storage" in which it is believed, bad men are kept for the good of the public. Private enterprise prisons might be a good thing but it is not to be believed that even Sir Waldron Smithers seriously advocates them.

This cold storage is the sort in which eggs and beef, and strawberries from Patagonia (or wherever they grow frozen strawberries) are kept unendingly for the public good.

Now once upon a time there was no cold storage of this kind in Britain. Britons, with their usual quiet good sense, relied upon the weather to provide an unending equivalent on the national level.

But some time or other someone woke up and said: "The Americans have cold storage; the Italians have cold storage; it is rumoured that the Russians are planning cold storage. Britain lags behind."

A Bit Much

So we got cold storage and it manifested itself in some way which forced the government to take it over. (Plausibly because no one could find sufficient use for it and it lost money though we would not on any account swear to this...)

Now it occurs to the government that to own cold storage plants in a country which would be more believable were it located at the North Pole and in a country without any central heating to thaw anything, anyhow, is a bit much.

But to decontrol it on an ordinary Wednesday or on a Tuesday afternoon when the newspapers were running to emptiness would attract far too much attention.

So the government has decided on Christmas Eve—an occasion on which, it hopes, a sizable proportion of the population will have worked itself into such a state of preservation that nobody will notice.

Prime Minister

IN the Division Lobby Chamberlain got a majority but it was pitifully small. Many of his supporters refused to vote for him and sat rebelliously in their seats while the rest of us went to record our votes.

The next day Chamberlain resigned and advised the King to send for Churchill to form a coalition government. Churchill was at last Prime Minister but he insisted that Chamberlain must remain Leader of the Conservative Party and stay in the Cabinet.

A month or so later I was sitting behind Churchill in the Chamber when the suave, debonair Liberal Leader, Sir Archibald Sinclair, was speaking from the other side. Sinclair was only about ten feet from Churchill as he expressed his relief that at last a real leader had superseded the weakling Chamberlain.

Without rising to his feet and almost as an aside Churchill quietly said: "Chamberlain is a finer man than I could ever be." It was not intended for the press to hear. It was the generous mind of a great man speaking words that came from his heart.

United Tribute

ON his 80th birthday, we the Lords and Commons, will gather at Westminster Hall, that place of history, to present him with a portrait of himself. Tories, Liberals and Socialists will forget their differences in a union of tribute. But I predict that in his reply he will not emotionalise in order to summon our unmanly tears. Instead he may say something like this: "In my time I have been praised and denounced beyond my deserts, but I could not have led the nation to victory in the war if I had not been sustained by a vigorous and loyal Parliament. Nor could Parliament have supported me so splendidly without the sacrifices, the courage, and the faith of the ordinary people of this country."

These of us present will feel that the greatest presence of those other Elizabethans—Drake, Hawkins, Howard, Shakespeare, Jonson, Bacon, Raleigh, Grenville, Burleigh. And perhaps the ghosts will be saying to each other: "This man was truly an Elizabethan kept in the womb of time until called by destiny to bring strength to the Twentieth Century. He sits at this feast with the moderns but truly he is one of us."



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"When I was a girl we
might have had no sex
instruction at school but
at least we knew which
was which!"

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

OLD FAITHFUL Every Saturday night hundreds of thousands of Britons switch on their radios in time to pick up the strains of composer Eric Coates' "Knights-bridge" march. The music fades into the background noises of Pleadingly Circus. A stentorian voice bellows "Stop!" And "In Town Tonight" is on the air.

It is a cozy, unassuming programme consisting exclusively of interviews with newsworthy visitors to London—so much a part of the British way of life that even comedians have stopped guffing it.

But it has achieved a distinction won by no other radio programme in the nation. War

or peace, prosperity or crisis, it has gone on the air every Saturday evening for 21 years, and in that time some of the greatest figures in every sphere of life have stepped up to the microphone to say why they have gone to London and what they think about it now they're there.

Today (November 20) it celebrates its 21st birthday, with every sign of carrying on for another 21. For recently it was given a fresh lease of life when the BBC decided to present it simultaneously on TV and radio.

Here is a tale of a very tall man.

Peter Hawes is 6 feet 8 inches and he knows all the usual quibbles, spoken and unspoken, about tall men. Peter has them addressed to him and answers them, but to have much to point on he has had his visiting cards printed as follows: I am 78 inches high; 252 lbs. I get the postage of size 14 feet. I am not the tallest man in the world; cold up here. I do give my taller a headache; like three good meals a day; make you look small. I do not like low doors; overhanging shoes blind; single beds. "These are stock questions," says Peter. "Any other original?"

HIDDEN MEANING

A fascination for the hidden meaning behind apparently simple facts prompts a Paris newshound to report that, according to the latest figures, 25 out of every hundred Frenchmen still go to bed in a nightshirt, 20 wear a pyjama top, 40 a full pyjama outfit, and 15 nothing.

WISTFUL ARLEN

Michael Arlen, the society novelist of the twenties, is visiting London. Since 1923 he has made his home in the South of France and in America.

"There's no one left in London for me to ring up now," he said. "Valentine Ca tierce has gone. Richard Grandey's gone. Old Freddie Lonsdale's gone."

Arlen at 58, is as dapper as ever. But he has just had a major lung operation and cannot risk going out in the cold. "I'm not allowed to smoke," he told me (he used to go through 60 a day).

Then a touch of philosophy. "My son wanted to marry the other day. Thank goodness he didn't. Twenty-one is all right

for a girl, but a man has to be kicked about by a lot of women before he knows his mind."

Asked why he retired—he has not written a line since 1937—he said "I got tired of writing the same story over and over again."

EAST MEETS WEST

In Brussels the heroes of Soviet Sport met the charms of Western Culture—and the result verged on chaos.

In the swish Plaza Hotel, the stern-faced men from Moscow's Spartak football club stood in the lobby with bouquets, waiting for the traditional exchange of flowers with their Belgian opponents.

Then down the marble stairway came three models—one blonde, one brunette, and one redhead—wearing off-the-shoulder gowns and formal smiles.

One by one the Russians stopped, turned, and gazed with undisguised admiration. More mannequins arrived, and more stares followed.

Valeriy, the Russian organisers tried to move the footballers. Determinedly, the sportsmen stayed.

The organisers ordered them to get their coats. The athletes just grinned, nudged one another and pointed.

Eventually, they were literally dragged away by the Party men, still looking backwards.

But not one of the mannequins—on their way to a fashion show—so much as turned her head.

STATUS OF MARTIANS

In the Vatican, concern, as all Martians know, is with higher matters—really high matters this time.

The Roman Catholic Church has been pondering the official status of Martians—assuming, that is, that there are any.

Jesus investigators have decided that Martians don't come within the jurisdiction of the Church.

Reason: either Martians (not having any Adam and Eve) were never involved in original sin, or else they committed their own original sin.

If the former, they are perfect and have no need of the Church. If the latter, they were either left damned for ever (and so are beyond help from the Church) or God provided a special salvation for them.

In any case, their salvation could not depend upon Christ, which leaves them outside the fold.

Concluded the Churchmen, "our jurisdiction is limited to the earth."

Mr Montagu's Wives

● This wayward grandson of a duke had four wives—simultaneously—as well as a harem. But he was also a diplomat and an authority on Oriental languages...

THE NEW BOOKS

by George Malcolm Thomson

MR MONTAGU has a posthumous grievance against the publishers of his biography. It appears in a series entitled *The Rogues' Gallery*.

Now admittedly he was a wayward personality; something of a rover and no little of a charlatan. But to call him a rogue! It seems harsh.

Edward Montagu was an eccentric English aristocrat of the eighteenth century with more brains than balance. He had (simultaneously) four wives and (consequently) three religions. He spent some time in prison and, on that occasion, was perhaps not so innocent as he claimed.

But he was also an MP, a FRS, a soldier who behaved tolerably well at Fontenoy, a diplomat (to his personal profit if not to his country's) and an eminent authority on Oriental languages.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

If he needed excuses for a vagabond life, they could be found in plenty. He came from a divided home; his hereditary was bad. His mother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was an eccentric bluesocking; his father, Mr Wortley, was a successful miser. Today, Montagu would be sent to an approved school; born in 1713, he should have been put into the Navy. But he was despatched to Westminster School, where he was consistently floored.

Before he was fourteen he had fled from school four times: (1) To become a London chimney sweep; (2) To enrol himself at Oxford as a student of Turkish and to share lodgings with a charming landlady. "The most unbecomingly little, rakish, that ever played truant," said his mother;

(3) To sell fish in the Thames-side slums, very shrewdly and successfully. Reproached by his tutor, a clergyman, for conduct ill-befitting the grandson of a duke, the boy returned that St Peter had sold fish;

(4) To become enamoured of the Italian wife of the Danish consul in Alexandria. When the consul went home on business, Montagu procured evidence that he had been drowned in the North Sea and married the Italian.

Next he became a Roman Catholic. It was not, however, the end of his spiritual pilgrimage.

Hardly had he received the certificate pronouncing that he was "freed of all taint of heretical depravity" than he began to set aside part of his house for his womenfolk as if it were a harem and, still more unbecomingly, insisted that his Italian wife should share these apartments with a dusky beauty named Ayesha.

LAST YEARS

It was not long before Montagu was demanding to be initiated, by the usual rite, into the Moslem religion.

The last years of this unconventional Englishman were spent in Venice. He posed as a son of a Sultan, wearing the jewelled sigarette of an Ottoman prince. In the coldest weather he was found with his pet, puma, in the brightest sunlight he was escorted through the streets by torchbearers. All the time he was sending learned communications to the Royal Society.

The young Duke of Hamilton, taken by his tutor to visit this astounding personage, watched open-mouthed as Montagu performed his beard (kept in curl-papers until noon every day) with aromatic smoke.

Montagu summed up his life: "I never committed a small folly." He deserved to be remembered in a small book of maybes, half the length of Mr Curling's biography.

LIBRARY LIST

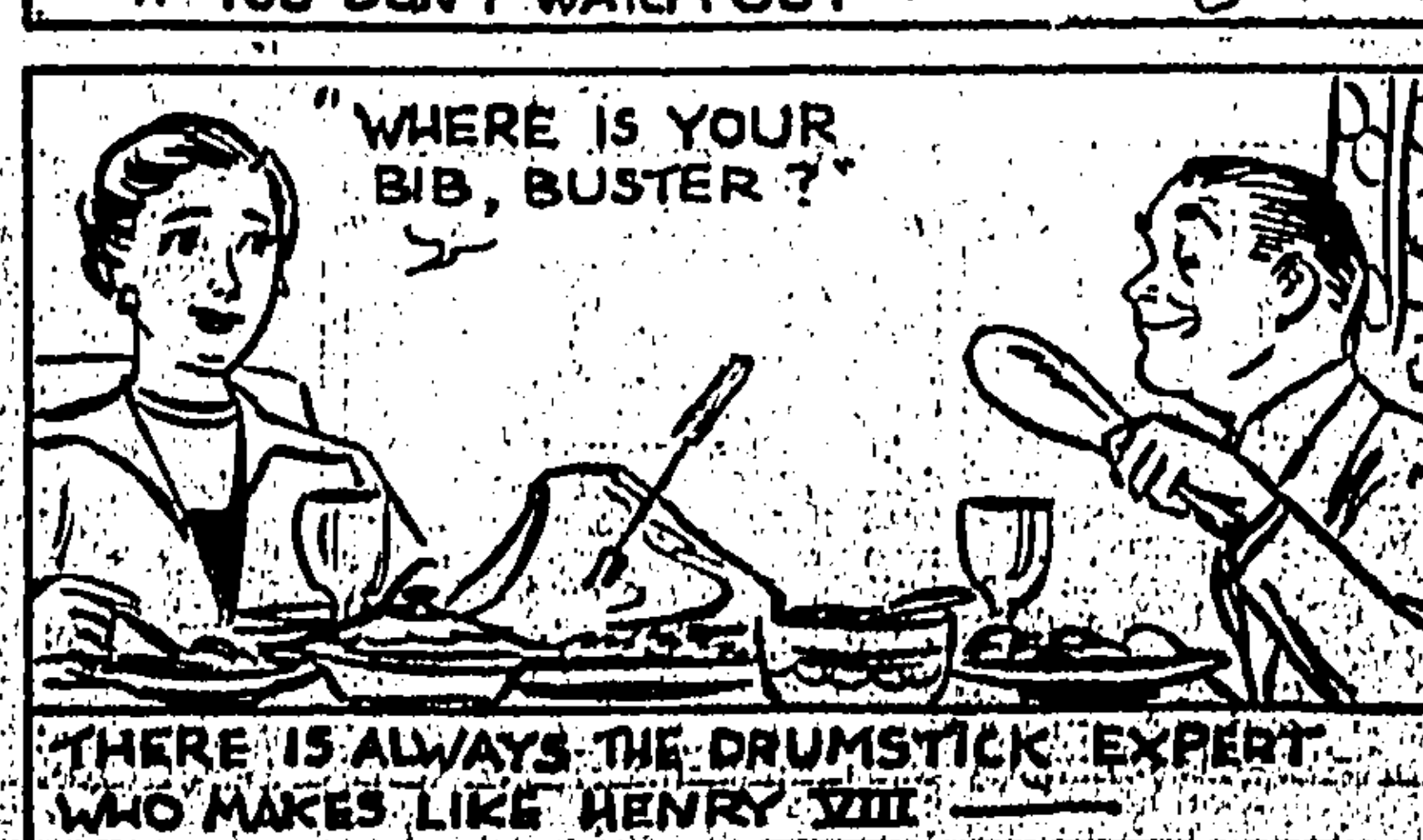
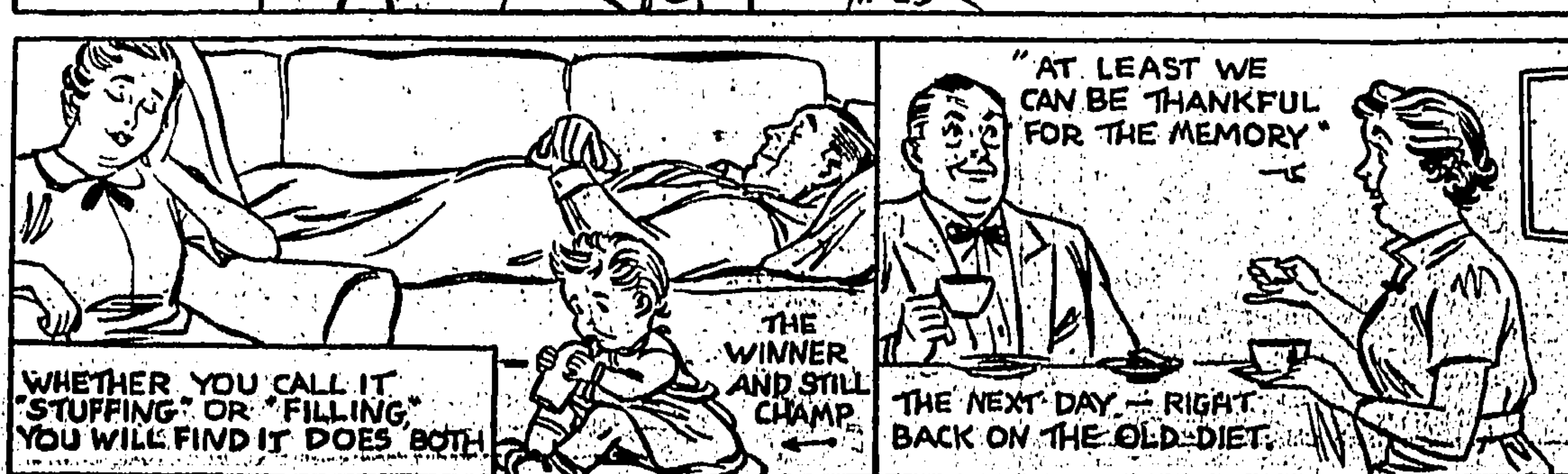
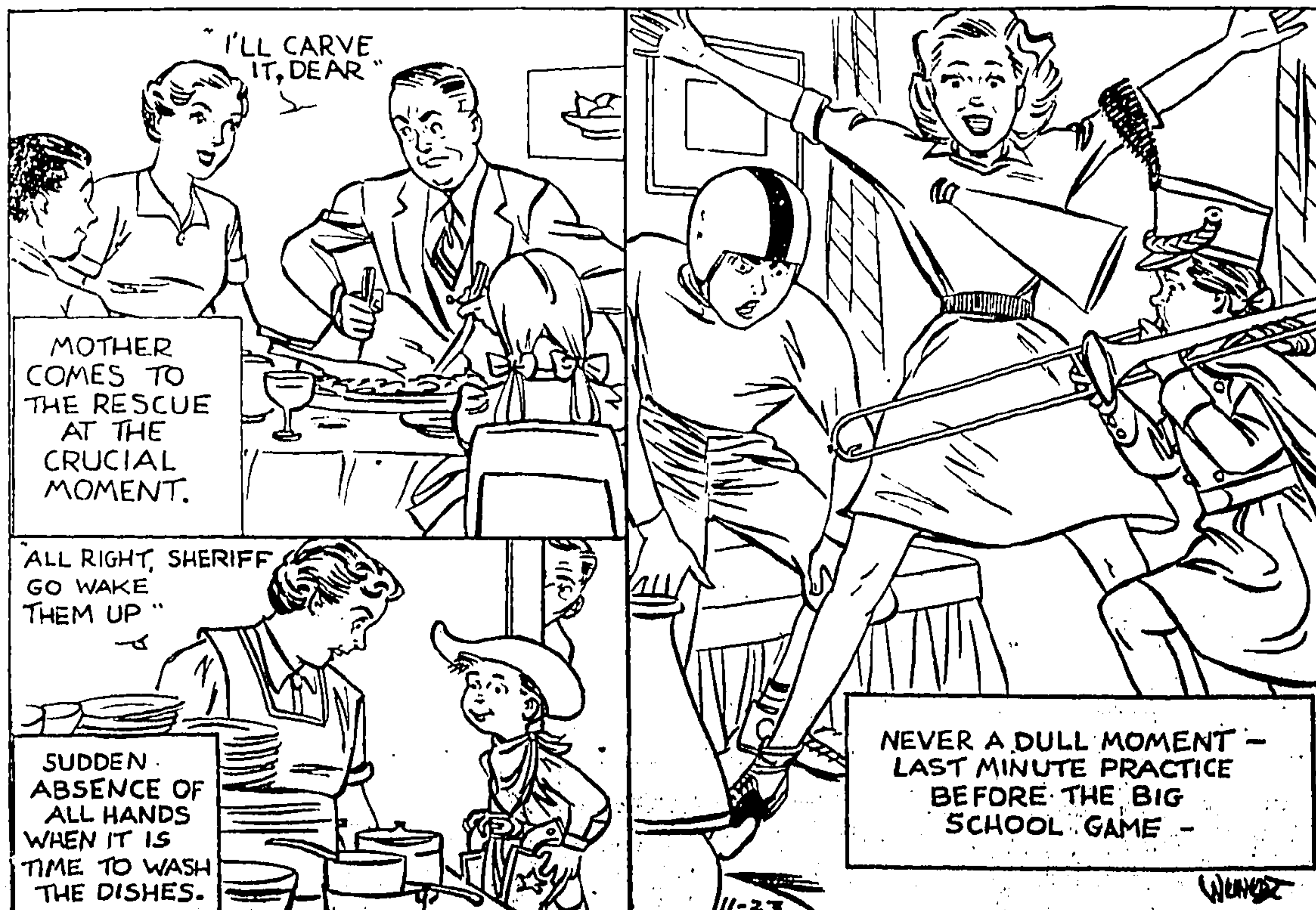
● **DON CAMILLO'S FILE M.B.A.** By Giovanni Guareschi. Collins, 20s. 4d. 224 pages. On the eve of Christmas, 1940, Signor Guareschi, editing one Italian weekly, and writing for another, found himself a page short of copy. So he put a story he had just written into bigger type and hoped for the best. Maybe it was the biggest type that did it. The story was the first adventure of Don Camillo, an Italian priest engaged in ideological warfare with the local Communist mayor. Those who had Don Camillo too aware for their peace were in a small minority. After 200 signatures the little piece is going stronger than ever.

● **NAPOLEON** the story of his life. By John H. Fisher. 12s. 6d. 316 pages. "No intellectual exercise can be more invigorating," said Lord Acton, "than to watch the working of the mind of Napoleon." Here the "watching" is done, and round.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Turkey Day

BY HARRY WEINERT



"I'LL CARVE IT, DEAR."

MOTHER COMES TO THE RESCUE AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT.

ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF GO WAKE THEM UP."

SUDDEN ABSENCE OF ALL HANDS WHEN IT IS TIME TO WASH THE DISHES.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT - LAST MINUTE PRACTICE BEFORE THE BIG SCHOOL GAME -

"AT LEAST WE CAN BE THANKFUL FOR THE MEMORY"

THE NEXT DAY - RIGHT BACK ON THE OLD DIET.

THE WISHBONE - EVERYBODY WISHES TO MAKE A WISH.

"I WISH THERE WERE MORE WISHBONES"

THE GOBBLER WILL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT -

"WHERE IS YOUR BIB, BUSTER?"

THERE IS ALWAYS THE DRUMSTICK EXPERT WHO MAKES LIKE HENRY VIII

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB FOURTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 20th November & Saturday 27th November 1954
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES

The First Race will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2 p.m. on both days.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10 each per day and \$32 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices during normal office hours until 11 a.m. on the first day.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.
The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the Last Race of the Meeting at \$2 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguiar Street and 392, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11 a.m. on both days of the Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 22nd January, 1955, at \$2 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

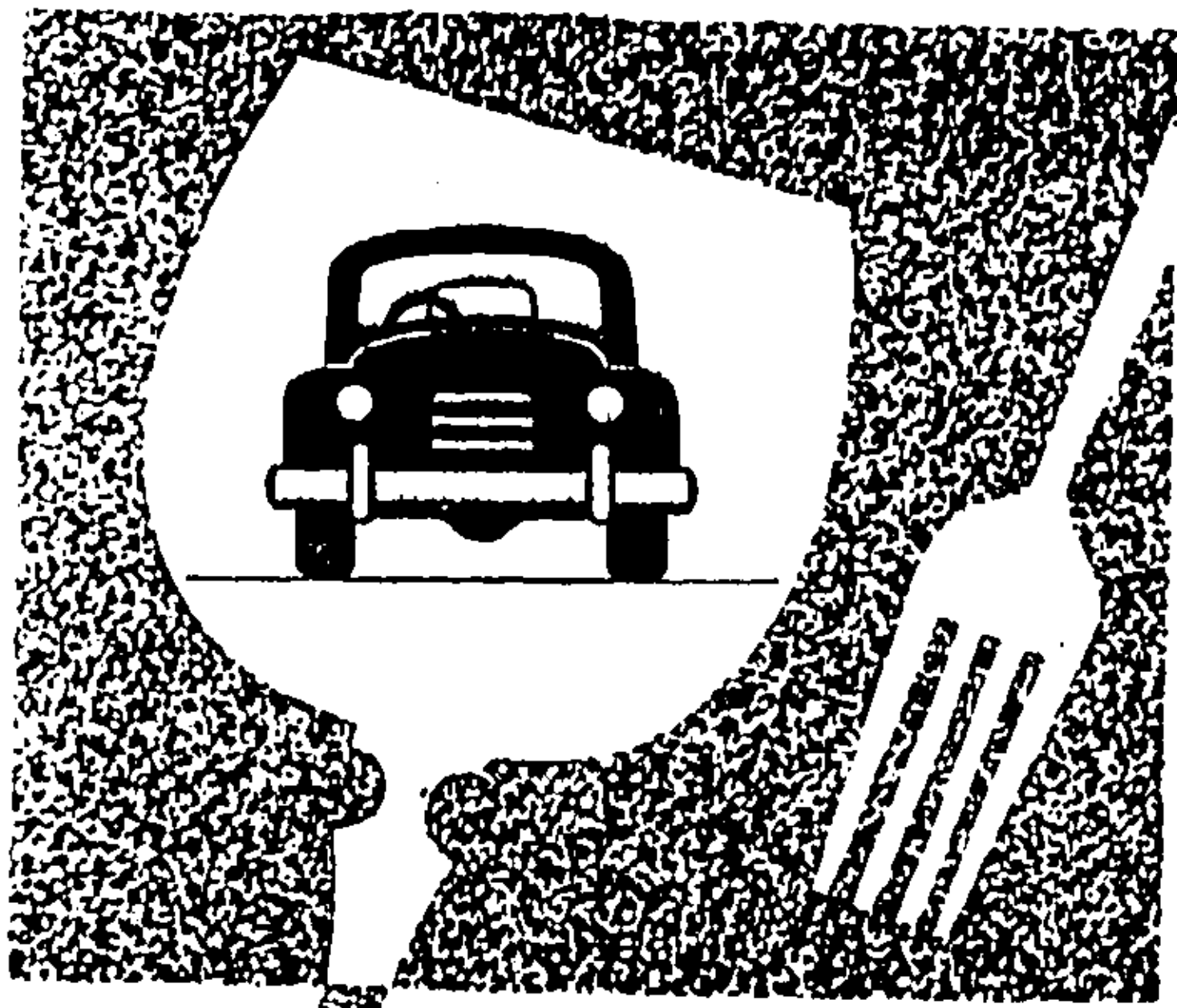
Buckets are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
M. MISA,
Secretary.



While you dine...

No matter how good the gasoline is — even Shell gasoline — water containing CORROSIVE ACIDS is formed when it burns. Immediately you switch off — to leave your car while you have a meal, for instance — the engine begins to cool, and the water and ACIDS can settle on the cylinder walls. Corrosion has been proved to be the major cause of engine wear. Alkaline Shell X-100 Motor Oil stays on guard at all times, neutralising corrosive ACIDS.

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BOXING CHIEFS MEET



Members of the International Committee of Professional Boxing, a newly formed body which hopes to regularise the conditions of World Championships so that they will be recognised all over the world, are pictured at their meeting in the Board Room of the British Boxing Board of Control at Ramillies Buildings, Hills Place, London.

Shaking hands in centre are Mr Robert K. Christenberry, Chairman of the New York Athletic Commission and first Chairman of the International Committee (left), and Mr J. Onslow Fane, Chairman of the BBB of C, who represented the British Board and the British Empire at the meeting.

Extreme right is Mr Livingstone Osborne, of Chicago, representing the National Boxing Association, the body which shares control of American boxing with the New York Athletic Commission. On left are M. E. Rabrel, representing the European Boxing Union, and Mr Teddy Waltham (behind), Secretary of the BBB of C.—Reuterphoto.

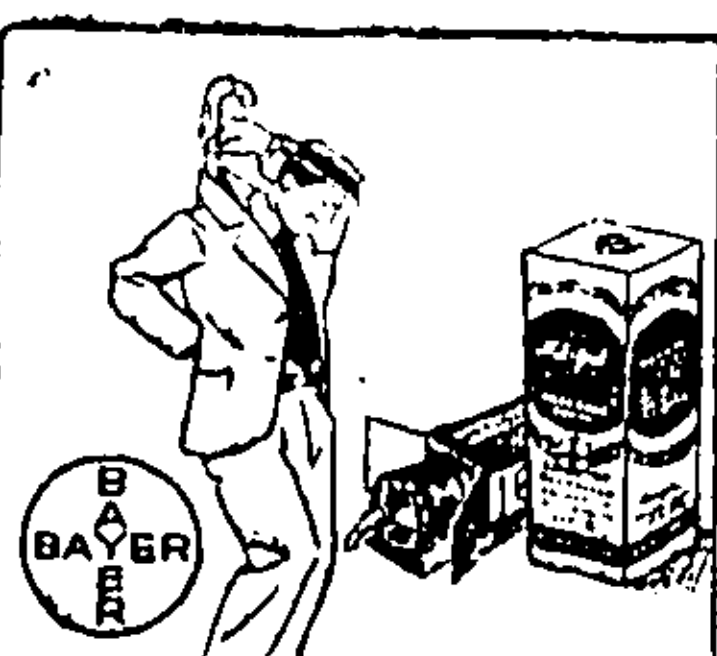
LEAGUE CRICKET

Craigengower - Scorpions Match May See Some High Scoring

By "GOOGLY"

The Hongkong Cricket League Management Committee has wisely brought forward the matches originally fixed for November 27 to this afternoon and the fixtures originally intended for today will be played off next week.

The move has been necessitated by the numbers of cricketers now in Defence Force camps and Recreio, Scorpions and Optimists are the teams that will gain the most from this switch-over of fixtures.



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GERMANY.

Hong Kong Birds

Herklots, G. A. C. 1953.
Hong Kong Birds. Pp. vii+233, 11 pls., 8 in colour, numerous black-and-white drawings in text. Hong Kong: South China Morning Post, Ltd. HK\$35.00.

... a most welcome handbook for ornithologists resident or stationed in Hong Kong. All the hitherto recorded species are included; plumages are clearly and concisely described, and a short account is given of field characters, voice, habits, status, etc. The illustrations, except for three plates of photographs, are all by G. A. C. M. Hughes, and include four attractive plates of the heads of 42 species and many useful drawings in the text. The writer of this review would have benefited greatly from this book when stationed in Hong Kong some years ago. Even now, on referring to it, some 40 unfamiliar species on which notes were made at the time have since all proved readily identifiable. — D. W. S.

(Reprint from "The Bird" email group)
S. C. M. POST
HONG KONG KOWLOON

The schedule for this afternoon will be:
FIRST DIVISION
Craigengower v. Scorpions.
Recreio v. Police.
University v. KCC.
Navy v. RAF.
Optimists v. Army North.

SECOND DIVISION
Army v. IRC "B".
IRC "A" v. Dockyard.
Police v. Recreio.
KCC v. University.
RAF v. Navy.
KOVs v. DBS.

Craigengower are at home to the Scorpions and this match

10,000 Germans To See The Wembley Match

Germany will have over 10,000 fans to cheer them in their soccer international with England at Wembley on December 1. Twelve special trains from all over Germany will carry them to Oxford where specially chartered ships will ferry them across. Others will fly in charter planes from Brussels to Southend. A special motor coach convoy will take them straight to Wembley.—London Express Service.

DAI TURNS TO DARTS

Dai Dower, British Empire Flyweight Champion, has turned his attention to darts. Dai has entered for the "News of the World" Individual Championship.
If boxing duties permit, he will present the medals at the East Glamorgan area finals in February. Could be Dai will receive an award himself.—London Express Service.

may produce some high scores. Scorpions have the edge in their stronger attack, but the home team's four left-handers may present a problem.

The University are not likely to take four points from KCC. The HKU captain, S. A. Varar, may be making his final appearance in this match as I understand he is leaving for Dublin shortly to complete his medical studies. He has largely been responsible for what enthusiasm for cricket there still is at the University and he will be missed.

The Ram's Park game between Navy and RAF should see a draw and Recreio look forward to four points from the Police.

In the Second Division, the match between Diocesan Boys' School and King George V School should be an interesting one.

Of interest to the whole of the Second Division will be the Army-IRC "B" match, both teams having some good cricketers. The Police-Recreio match should be keenly fought out as Recreio cannot afford to lose if they are to stay in the race for the Championship.

KCC's strong bowling side should skittle out University for a small score while IRC "A", with former First Division players A. R. Abbas and A. R. Kitchell, should not find it difficult to overwhelm the Dockyard.

Ken Viljoen To Manage S. African Cricket Team

Ken Viljoen, former South African Test player, will manage his country's cricket touring side in England next summer. For the first time the team will travel by air, leaving Johannesburg on April 23.—(London Express Service)

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

THE AIK SERIES SHOWED THE EXCELLENCE OF TOM SNEDDON'S WORK

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

There is a pleasant feeling of soccer satisfaction in the Hongkong air. The visit of the AIK team served to confirm the belief that our footballers are ready to take their place in international competition — maybe they are not yet ready to be pitted against the truly great teams of the day, but most certainly they have the prowess to move around and place their wares in the show places of world football.

Looking back on the series several things come to mind and are worthy of comment. The first of these concerns coach Tom Sneddon. There is always something to be admired in a man who, confident of his ability, goes on with his job quietly when he is well aware that there are many axe-grinding critics at work: that people are trying hard to belittle his efforts; and, without themselves being capable of understanding what he is trying to do, see fit to make scathing and bitter attacks on what he is doing.

Tom Sneddon's work in connection with the series that has just finished has been excellent. He knew exactly what he wanted to do, and by his quiet commonsense and experienced understanding of the players' difficulties, he exhorted them and encouraged them to pull out their best. The results he has produced since his critics once and for all as to his capabilities as a coach.

LESS PLEASANT

A less pleasant feature of the AIK games however was the use of the "substitution rule". This, I believe, is reducing the game to a low level and is so obviously open to abuse that it can make little material contribution to the eventual betterment of the game.

It was clear from the very first that the visitors were not in favour of the rule but I feel that the HKFA would have gained a lot more satisfaction from the game if they in their turn had refrained from its use — except in the case of genuine injury — as far as the local teams were concerned.

Substitution was originally intended to preserve the balance of power in a match where a player or players were injured. It was never intended as a safety-valve for replacing out-of-form players or for correcting bad or uncertain team selection. And that was how it was used by the HKFA in this series. Let us look at the facts.

In the second game, in spite of widespread pre-match criticism, the side took the field with the diminutive Hiscock on the left wing in opposition to Swedish Internationalist and guest player Bergmark. From the very moment the selection was a glaring error of judgment.

For 40 minutes Hiscock was subjected to the indignity of playing away out of his class and then at the interval, although fully fit, he was accorded the additional indignity of being withdrawn from the team and a substitute put in.

In the last game Lok Tak-hai — also still fully fit — was replaced by Chan Fai-hung in an effort to get better results. The Kitchee player, hard as he played, did nothing to suggest that the swap had been profitable in prestige, dignity or material football gain.

I know that many of the folks who watched the games would have been happier if these cheap swaps had not been made. It has always been the boast of football in most parts of the world that a side stood or fell by its nominated eleven.

There is a case for the replacement of injured players, but there is not and must surely never be a fair case for the withdrawal and replacement of a fit player merely because he is having a poor game. We are on the way to seeing football TEAMS replaced by football SQUADS?

CONFUSION-MAKING

There is one other point that persist and which was also the subject of comment last Sunday — it was the old question of the numbering of players.

We have often criticised visiting sides in this respect but here once again was a home team running on to the field numbered from 12 to 22. Is it really too much to expect our representative sides to conform to convention?

This matter is shortly to be brought up at a FIFA meeting. A delegate has tabled a letter saying that irregular numbering causes confusion to all and goes on to point out — as I have frequently done — that numbering is related to positions in the team and has no connection with personalities or domestic arrangements.

However, the controversies that have come out of the series are overshadowed by the fine soccer scholarship of even partial success and by the memory of the brilliance of some of the players who wore the Colony's various colours.

The power and speed of Ko Po-ying, the magnificence of Yiu Cheuk-yin in both games in which he took part, the strength and great heart of Robson and the all-round rugged determination of our players to do well, even when the ball was not running kindly for them, stood out.

It would not be amiss here to say just a word or two about the refereeing of Mr Jack Kearney who had charge of the final game.

CLEAR CASE

If ever there was a clear case of the sayings that the fans are not always the best judges, or that the spectator sees most of the game, then surely it was here.

Several times the crowd voiced disapproval of Mr Kearney's decisions and, as so often happens, the vociferous element tended to sway the better judgment of those around them. Soon people who should have known better were shouting too, but in almost every instance it was the referee who was right and the crowd that was wrong.

Let's take just one example. Defending desperately in the penalty area Yiu Cheuk-yin, surrounded by opponents, hooked the ball out of danger with a spectacular double overhead kick and the referee, absolutely correctly, awarded a free kick against him as he was within striking distance of a player.

A few minutes later Anier, the Swedish test-half, when being tackled from behind by Chu Wing-king, made exactly the same sort of clearance and the crowd roared when the free-kick was given against Chu.

But once again the decision was right for this time Anier was not within striking distance.

German Athletic Team To Visit Britain Next Year

Germany are to send an athletic team to compete against Great Britain at the White City, London, on July 30 and August 1 next year.

Sweden will provide the opposition at the same track on August 12 and 13. This will be Britain's first home fixture with Germany since 1937, when Britain won by 49 points to 67.—(London Express Service)

of an opponent when he made his double kick... and, although I confess that I did not see every incident the same way as Mr Kearney, I thought he handled the game with tact and restraint, and never allowed his impartiality to be influenced by the partisan accord of the big crowd.

WEEK-END GAMES

The week-end programme of League games is restricted to five matches, two of which will be played this afternoon and the remainder tomorrow. Here is the full list:—

Today

South China vs. Eastern at Caroline Hill, 4 p.m.
Police vs. St. Joseph's at Boundary Street, 4 p.m.

Tomorrow

Club vs. Kitchee at Club Stadium, 4 p.m.
Army vs. Kwong Wah at Caroline Hill 4 p.m.
Navy vs. CAA at Causeway Bay, 4 p.m.

There are several interesting games in the list and local fans should find enough to satisfy their week-end soccer interest. South China should have little difficulty in defeating Eastern provided they do not make the mistake of underestimating the strength of the opposition, but they are playing so well and have so many great players that it would be the biggest upset in years if they lost.

Police did well against Kwong Wah in their last outing and the 'new' Saints will not be able to take them lightly on their own beautiful pitch at Boundary Street.

Kitchee will no doubt attract a quota of fans to the Club Stadium tomorrow but it looks as though the main interest will be in the Kwong Wah-Army clash over at Caroline Hill. Club are not played up to their early promise and Kitchee, after their fine showing against KMB, look favourites to win.

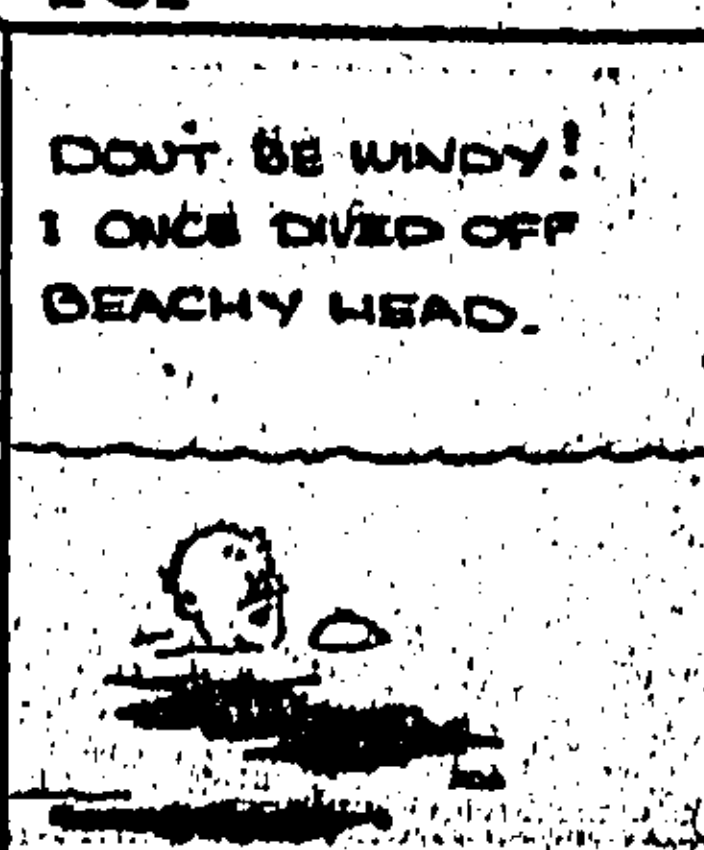
Kwong Wah got a nasty setback against Police and will be out to recover their prestige but they may find it hard to capture two points from a Robson-inspired Army side which is at last striking form.

CAA should increase their points total at the expense of the luckless Navy side when they meet at Causeway Bay tomorrow.

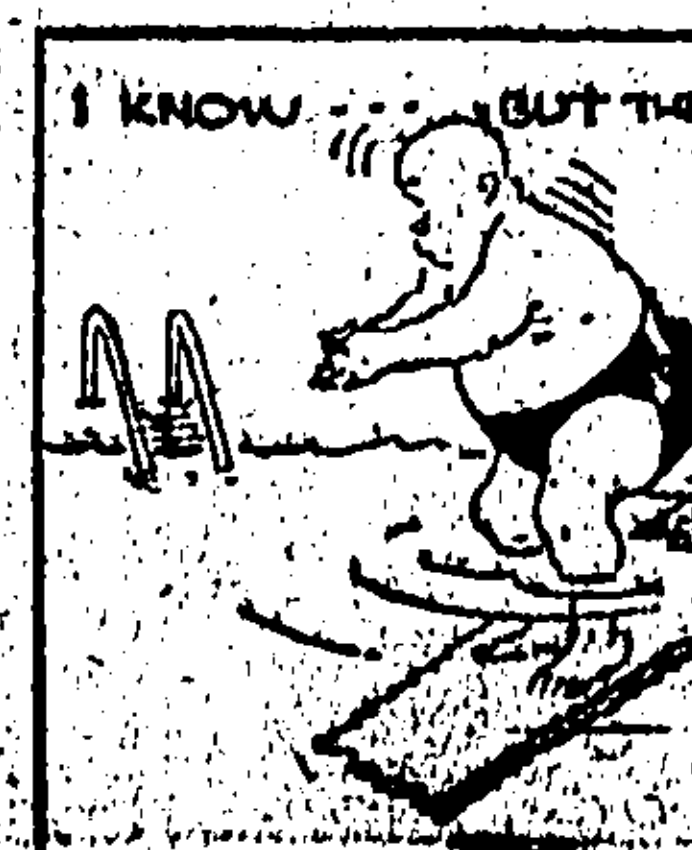
A TALKING POINT

"Un gentlemanly Conduct" what do you understand by the term? One British footballer has found to his cost that it refers to all aspects of a player's conduct. He was cautioned recently for swearing on the field and was shaken when officially informed that his defence "that he had merely used the words 'a teammate and not to an opponent'" had nothing whatever to do with the charges against him. A disillusioned player has thus found out that being objectionable to referees is just as ungentlemanly as being objectionable to a fellow player.

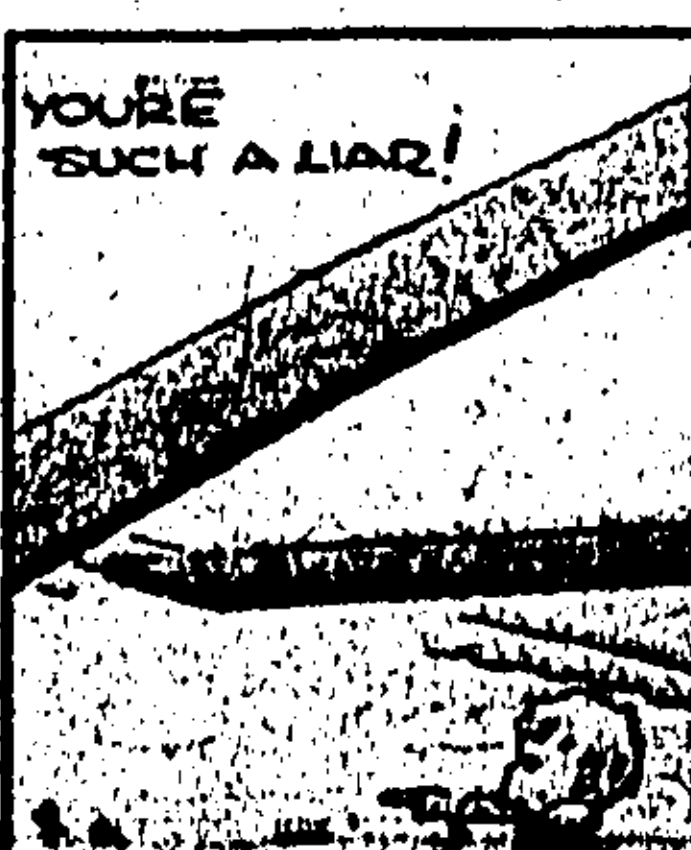
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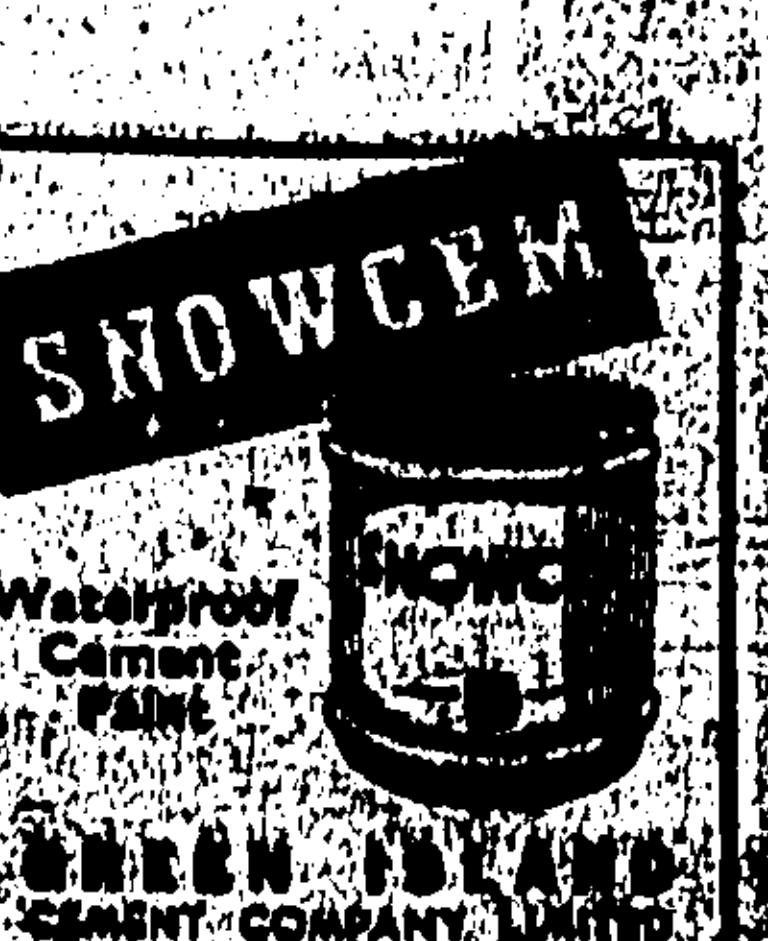
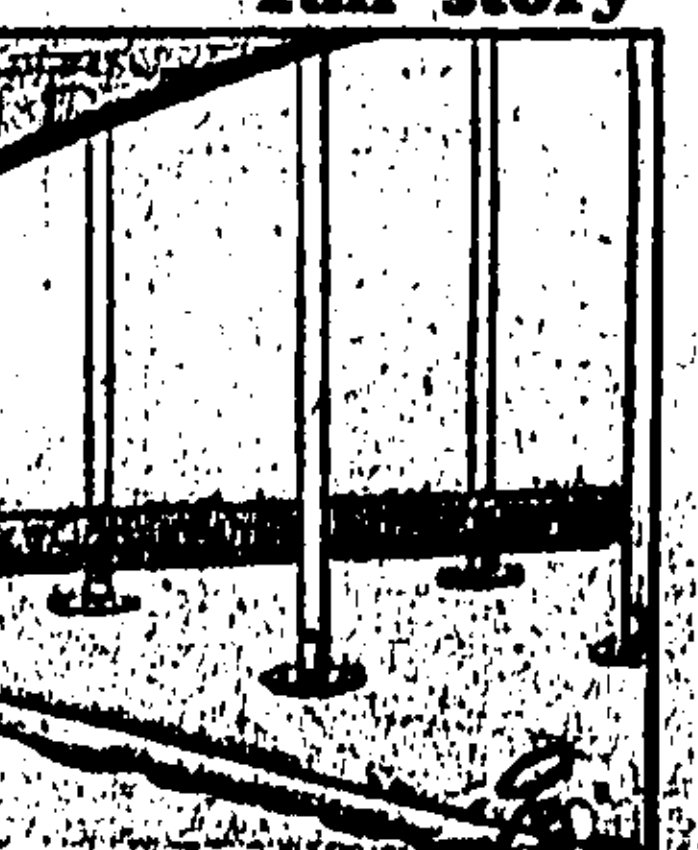
I KNOW



YOU'RE SUCH A LIAR!

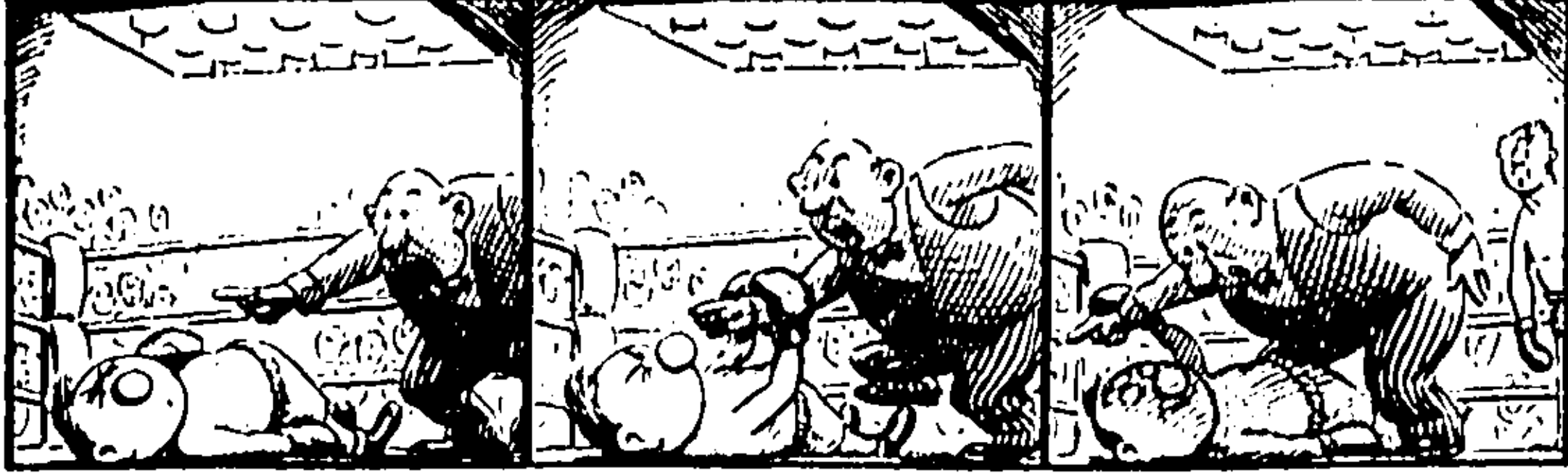


Tail story



SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



TODAY'S RUGGER

Pentangular Tournament Starts This Afternoon

By "PAK LO"

The first round of the Pentangular Tournament will be played this afternoon on the Club ground at Happy Valley, commencing at 3.00 p.m. with a game between the Club and the Navy, to be followed at 4.15 p.m. by another between the Army and the RAF.

First a few words of explanation about the Tournament. There are five teams entered—hence the name. These are the Army, last season's winners of the Tournament, the Club, the Navy, the RAF and the Police. There are two rounds, and in each round every team plays every other team once. The winner is, naturally, the team which over the two rounds amasses the greatest number of wins.

This year the Army, last season's winners, returns to the top of the pack. After the Navy close behind them, the Club has been playing a bit better than last year, and the latter two second favourites meet this afternoon.

The Club has put out one of its strongest teams for this match, compared to last year's, and this team has already shown a much more lively spirit.

It still has one or two weaknesses in it but it is hoped that the inclusion of Slack to bolster it up in the lineouts will improve matters.

When Talano is fit enough to take his place, the team will, of course, be reinforced.

There are one or two small changes from the team of a fortnight ago. Ringer, on his display of the last few weeks, and in particular, on last Saturday's effort, takes his place as fly half, and Stocker moves up into the third row of the scrum. Barker comes into the second row, and this gives the Club a pack with plenty of weight, fast wing forwards, and one of the best hookers in the Colony in Moffat.

This pack should overpower the Navy in the set scrums, and should get a reasonable share of the ball from the lineouts. Cole can be depended upon to do his part and the three should get plenty of chances. With Turville back in the centre they should do well and should win by a small margin.

The Navy have of course made quite a few changes, but there is still a nucleus of regular players. Duffy, a new-comer to the Colony, is given his first representative game in the second row. He is a former member of the indefatigable fifteen and should be an asset to the Navy.

Allowed, the scrum half is also a newcomer, as is Hutchinson, one of the centres. The Navy team has a good row of backs but it is the forwards who are not quite as strong as they could be. The Navy team always has plenty of fire, and this should be a rousing game to open the Tournament.

ARMY v. RAF

In the second game the Army has made only one change

to J. Thomas returning to the back row of the pack. After the Army game versus the Police, it is not surprising that they can afford to experiment.

The RAF have, in the interim, settled down a bit, and have made one or two changes. Last week they overcame a Navy team by 12 points to 6, and while the Navy is still not at full strength, it is an indication that the RAF is definitely improving.

Again it must be remembered that it was the RAF which last season, after a slow start, became the giant-killers of the Pentangular Tournament, and it is more than possible that they could push the Army down the Tournament table.

However, this is unlikely to happen today, and, unless the RAF have improved by no recognition, they will lose to the Army.

The RAF three-line is still the weak link in this team, and until they improve their passing and tackling they will not win many games. At least they should be able to hold the Army to a much lower score than the Army has left the field with previously this season, and should give the Army forwards plenty of hard opposition.

Finally, the Club "B" is playing the 27th Lt. Battery RA at 4.30 p.m. on the Racecourse ground, and should win by a small margin.

THE TEAMS

Club: Kirkwood, Stone, Brown, Hall, Turville, Hughes, Ringer, Cole, Slack, Moffat, V. Russell, Hargreaves, Barker, Steven, Stoker, Petrie.

Navy: Lloyd, Raikes, Hutchinson, Hewitt, Harris, Merrideth, Allwood, Beynon, Parr, Annandale, Hiscocks, Duffy, James, Gornall, Reeves.

Army: Patterson, Ingall, Owen, Blincoe, Blackburn, Brentford, Parkinson, Bevan - Thomas, Wells, Bell, Ferry, Chisholm, J. Thomas, Danskin, McGahay.

RAF: Eden, Gannon, Fraser, Thomas, Moore, McGahay, Smith, Pagel, Norman, Miller, Lamb, Galloway, W.H. Gibson, Davidson.

What A Cleft Stick The English Football Selectors Are In!

Says ARCHIE QUICK

What a cleft stick the English football selectors are in! The game against Germany looms imminent and the men who will have to choose the team must be thinking after the Welsh match at Wembley whether to leave well alone or make obviously needed improvements.

England won 3-2 undeservedly, but they did win and it is difficult to name replacements when the great need is to find a settled eleven. I would say that goalkeeper Ray Wood did not inspire tremendous confidence, that full backs Byrne and Staniforth were shaky under pressure, wing halves Phillips and Slater did not live up to their club reputations and that Allen was a failure at centre forward.

But who can be substituted to bring improvement and, if so, would further chopping and changing be unsettling? The answer to the last point obviously, is "yes", so the Selectors may play safe and choose the same side.

Allen was certainly playing under orders. With his West Bromwich club he roams from wing to wing; at Wembley he patrolled the middle of the field and was lost.

Then again, the cry is for youth, as represented by Harry Hooper and Johnny Haynes, to speed up the England attack. But it was useless Stanley Matthews who hewed cut victory for England with his electrifying wing raids, and "forgotten man" Roy Bentley who rounded them off with three goals.

Alf Sherwood, the Welsh captain, whose ordeal it was to mark Matthews and afterwards "I have played against Stan for years. I did not take my eyes off his feet the whole match,

and still I do not know how he does it."

EASIER JOB?

What is not generally realised is that Germany, with several of their World Cup victors either retired or ill, cannot possibly be such a strong combination as a Welsh eleven containing players like John Charles, Trevor Ford, Ivor Allchurch, Ray Daniel, etc.

"I look forward to an easier job on December 1 than today," Billy Wright said afterwards, and I agree. England, for all their faults, have the beating of Germany as I have so confidently predicted ever since the match was made.

The five goals were scored by two men—Bentley three and Charles two. Ford deserved an equaliser with the best shot of the match. That roughly is the story of the game. The rest was negative. Remember though the conditions were appalling—driving rain, a high wind, a leaden sky.

What will the Selectors do? Maybe they will revert to their

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

COLLEENS AND WAHOOS CLASH TOMORROW Pandas Play The Athletics

After weeks of dull league matches, softball fans will be treated to thrilling games this Sunday. In the Ladies' League, the Pennant holding Colleens 'A' will clash with ex-champion Wahoos 'A' in the morning and in the "A" League the powerful Pandas squad will battle the strong Chinese Athletic Association team in the afternoon.

The red-shirted Colleens do not seem to hit well this year. Only Diana Pires, Benita Remedios, Dolly Norman, Sally Sun and Leona Marques have shown that they are still in form. The rest have failed so far to display any impressive batting form.

It has been a great loss for them losing all-rounder Sheila Silva, sturdy plate guardian Aldo Oliveira and hard-hitting Pamela Hall.

Though new recruits such as the Almeida sisters, Dorothy Mendonca and Gerry Fernandes show promise, they require new-soiling to become veteran fighters.

The green-shirted Wahoos on the other hand have shown good hitting power and they are mostly experienced players with five years' work. Except that they are a bit slow on the move compared to their younger opponents, they are superior in other departments. They are favoured to win this game.

The other Ladies' League match between the Pandas and Wahoos 'B' will also be interesting to watch. The former are a mixture of seasoned players and rookie newcomers, and hence their strength is unpredictable. If Evelyn Alonso, pitcher of the young Owls, could repeat her brilliant performance against the Colleens 'A' and the rest make fewer errors, the ex-mine slackers will take the measure of the Pandas. Otherwise, the Chinese ladies may upset them.

The South China Ladies should easily defeat the rookie Colleens 'B' by a good margin.

SEEK REVENGE
The all-Chinese Senior "A" game between Pandas and CAA

will attract the attention of all softball lovers. The former are the favourites of most Chinese softball fans. They show fine sportsmanship, clean play and good ball artistry.

The latter are a formidable combination of local ball uces under able coach Bill Cheng. They proved to be a stumbling block for the Caa who were able to defeat any good team but the Athletics last season. This is the first time they meet this current and whether history will repeat itself remains to be seen.

Both sides are good in defence and offence and are well balanced in all departments. Pandas signed up ex-batting-champ L. P. Lam recently and are ready to overcome their bluffer foe. Most people will favour the Cats to win, but chances are only fifty-fifty.

Well-known players of these two teams are Jackie Wei, fireball moundman; Y. S. Liang, MVP shortstop; Wally Ma, veteran 3rd sacker; Raymond Tsao, home guard; L. P. Lam, ex-batting-champ 2nd baseman; L. C. Poon, wing-outfielder of the Pandas and C. M. Tsang, rubber-jointed 1st stationer; Y. K. Chan brilliant hot-corner guard; Sheldon Ma, sturdy infielder; rabbit K. T. Leung, keystone sacker; and P. H. Lee, showboat selder of the C. A. A.

The only Senior "B" game between Americans and Overseas and most Junior League games will be one-sided affairs except the Pandas Jr. and Wah Ying meeting which may see keen competition. Americans, Comets, CAA Jr. and Blackhaws 'B' should all overrun their opponents.

THE PROGRAMME

Today
2.00 p.m.: (A) Overseas Jr vs. Comets; (B) Seventeeners vs. CAA Jr.

3.30 p.m.: (A) South China Ladies vs. Colleens 'B'; (B) Lynxes vs. Blackhaws 'B'.

Tomorrow

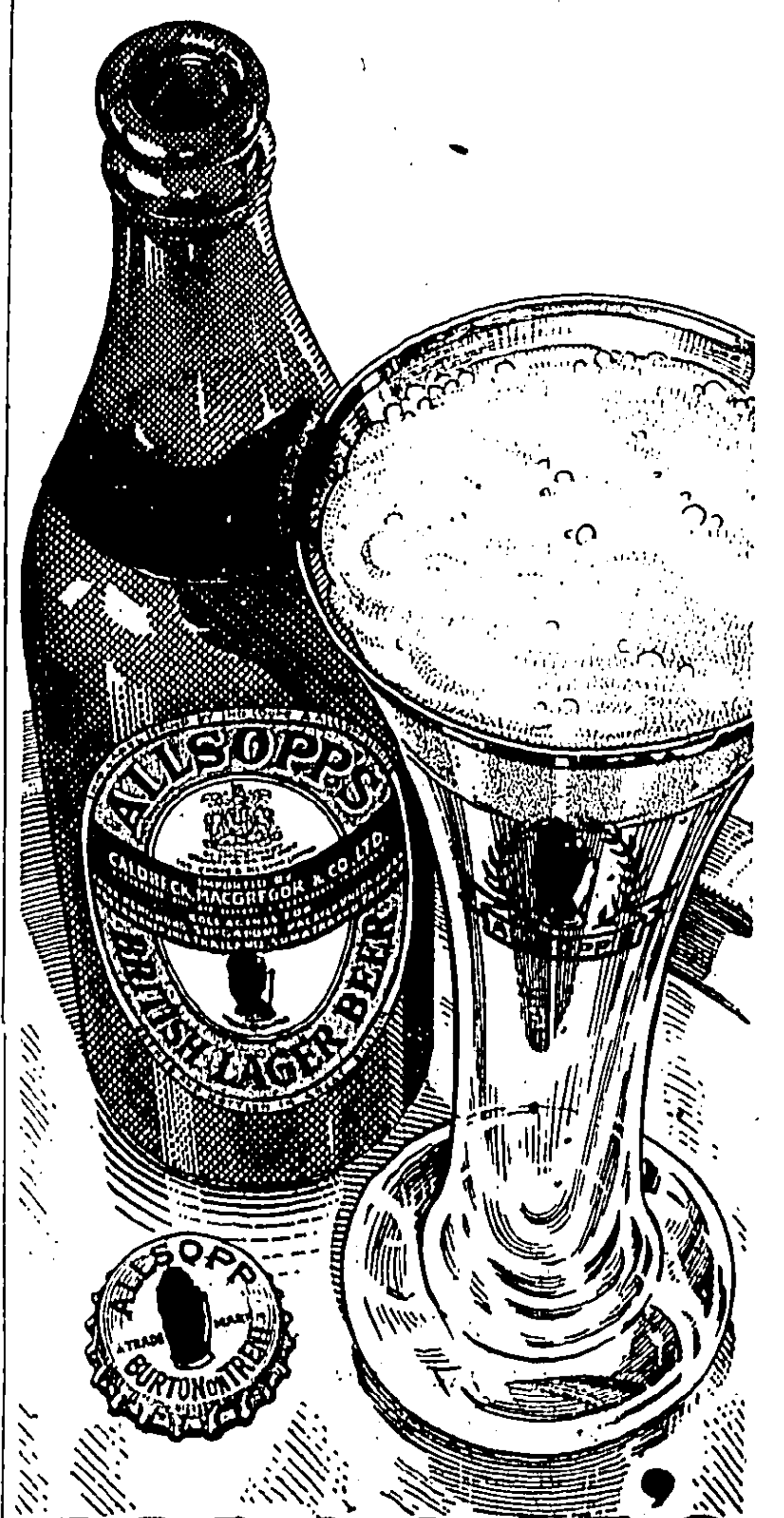
10.00 a.m.: (A) Pandas Jr. vs. Wah Ying.

11.30 a.m.: (A) Colleens 'A' vs. Wahoos 'A'.

2.00 p.m.: (A) CAA vs. Pandas.

3.30 p.m.: (A) Americans vs. Overseas; (B) Pandas Ladies vs. Wahoos 'B'.

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